

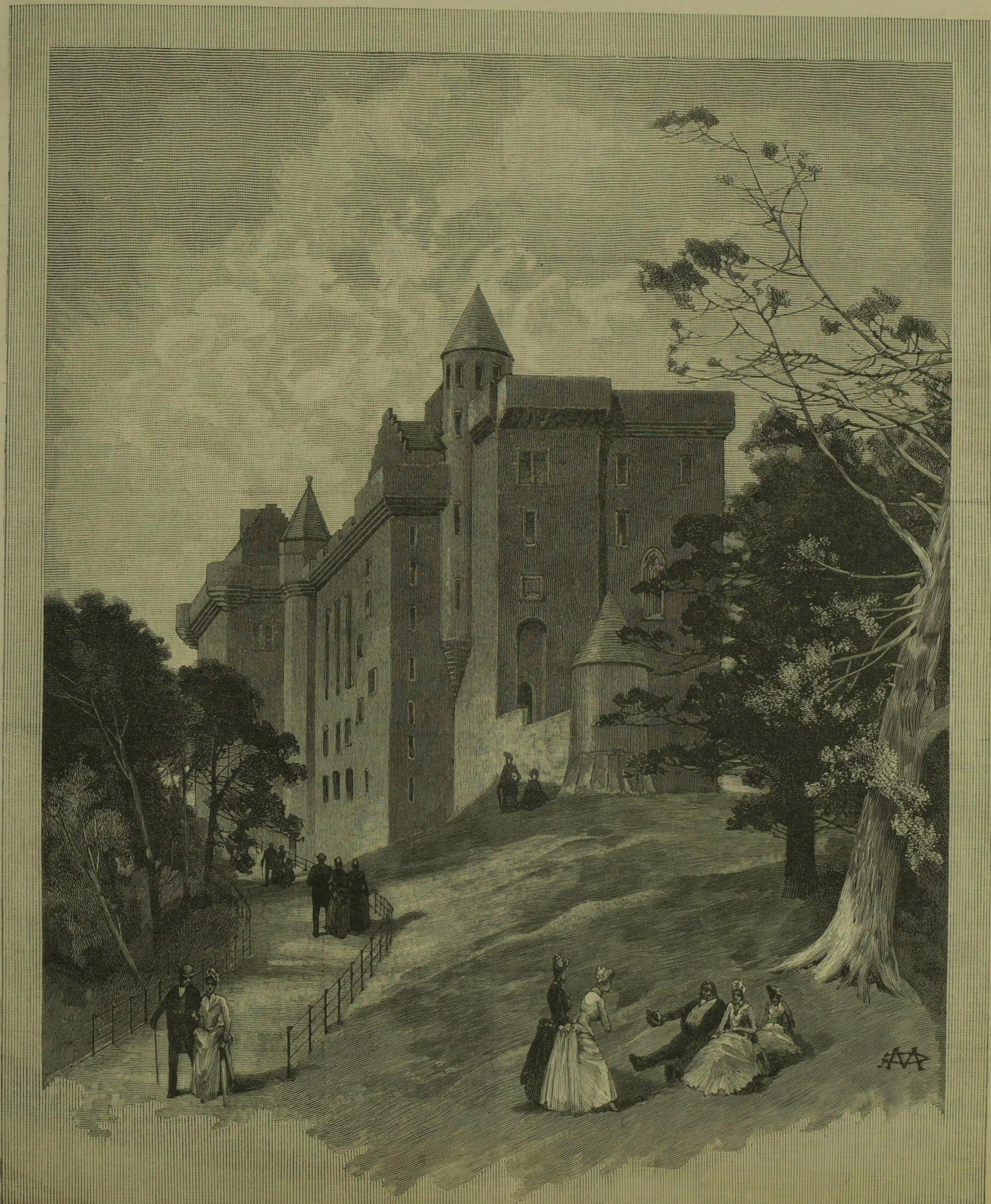
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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In these days of doubt and gloom, when the mole is the pet animal of our painters and the grave is depicted by our poets as a haven of rest, how pleasant it is to come upon a singer with a cheerful bird-note! To think that the man is sixty-eight, too, and yet not a pessimist! He knows that he ought to be, of course, and his tone is duly apologetic:—

My soul—I mean the bit of phosphorus
That fills the place of what that was for us—
Can't bid its inward boses defiance
With the new nursery tales of science.
What profits me, though doubt by doubt,
As nail by nail, be driven out;
When every new one, like the last,
Still holds my coffin lid as fast?
* * * * *
Our dear and admirable Huxley
Cannot explain to me why ducks lay.

Since the days of Hood—nay, Hudibras—we have not had more humorous rhymes than these. The writer's sorrow for his want of scepticism is almost pathetic. He knows that the proper thing is to believe that Providence is "a mere subjective synthesis," and wonders that the excellent persons who have discovered it are not even more plainspoken than they are:—

The men who labour to revise
Our Bibles will, I hope, be wise,
And print it without foolish qualms,
Instead of "God" in David's Psalms
Noll had been more effective far
Could he have shouted at Dunbar,
"Rise, Protophasm!" No dourset Scot
Had waited for another shot.

Thus speaks the outside of our poet's golden shield; on the reverse, next his heart, are writ these lines:—

Truly this life is precious to the root,
And good the feel of grass beneath the foot:
To lie in buttercups and clover bloom,
Tenants in common with the bees,
And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs of trees,
Is better than long waiting in the tomb;
Only once more to feel the coming spring
As the birds feel it when it bids them sing,
Only once more to see the moon
Through leaf-fringed abbey arches of the elms
Curve her mild sickle in the west
Sweet with the breath of haycock, were a boon
Worth any promise of soothsayer's realms,
Or casual hope of being elsewhere blest.
* * * * *

Then the long evening-ends
Lingered by cosy chimney-nooks
With high companionship of books,
Or slipp'd I talk of friends
And sweet habitual looks,
Is better than to stop the ears with dust:
Too soon the spectre comes to say "Thou must."

One should be grateful in these gloomy days to any poet who thus dares to sing of life as a thing to love; but how bright and fresh his heart must be from which, though near his "three score years and ten," such melody wells forth! Loved of two worlds, it is no wonder that the writer should be happy. Grateful above all should we who live by our pens be to him, for he has fought the good fight for us with wild beasts at Ephesus (and other American cities) for many a day to gain the rights which theft and greed have so long denied.

Before these lines reach my readers they will probably know whether he has won the fight or not; whether the voice of Justice in a matter to which every other civilised nation has inclined its ear is to be listened to in America or not, whether honesty is to conquer, or the "Boss," and his puppets in Congress. Mr. Lowell has given us an epigram—would to Heaven it were an epitaph!—upon the "Boss":—

Skilled to pull wires, he baffles Nature's hope,
Who sure intended him to stretch a rope.

A newspaper has been falling foul of a platform orator for applying an old joke to a modern circumstance, without acknowledgment. "Better late than never" is a proverb, I suppose, as applicable to the censure of plagiarism as to anything else; but that the journalist should feign astonishment at the offence, as though he had discovered a new crime, was surely superfluous. I seldom read political orations, but when my eye glances over them, and is attracted by the interpolation, "Laughter," I am pretty sure of meeting with an acquaintance of some standing. Politicians may not be so roguish as their opponents make them out to be, but they steal jokes by wholesale, and, though they sometimes spoil them, have not the time, I suppose, to destroy their identity. Of course there are a few orators of original wit, but, in front of most platforms, one could stand, as Piron did before the dramatic plagiarist, and take off one's hat twenty times to an old friend. What I admire most is the courage with which they relate an anecdote "curiously apposite," they venture to think, "to the occasion," as having happened to themselves personally, which in that case must have done so a century and a half ago. That the story gives so much satisfaction to their adherents arises, perhaps, from the proof it affords of the robustness of their idols' constitution; for even the people that delight in being "speechified" can hardly fail to recognise its hoar antiquity. If they read anything but "election intelligence," they must have seen it somewhere. It is not only the platform, however, which plagiarises; the pulpit is almost as bad, and especially in the article of jokes; and it is very hard, considering how "light literature" is looked down upon from both those eminences, how heavily they lay it under contribution. In last week's report of the great gems of politics and divinity, I notice no less than five instances where, to say the least of it, they were not using their own thunder. Of course, literary people are often plagiarists; but their sin is pretty certain to find them out, or to be found out for them; whereas our orators and divines owe their most attractive features—their fireworks—to sources they do not condescend to indicate. I once ventured to point out to one who had made a very telling speech (not on my side) in the provinces, that three of his anecdotes could only have been said to be his own (and, indeed, one of them was mine) in the same sense that Shakspeare has been said to "convey"

things—by divine right of genius. He answered me in a manner which gave me a much higher notion of his wits (and even of his audacity) than his speeches had ever done. "Do you remember," he said, "what the French poet Desportes replied to the gentleman who wrote a book pointing out his plagiarisms from the Italian—'If I had known your design, my good Sir,' he said, 'I could have furnished you with a great many more instances than you have selected.'"

The Duke of Cambridge has been speaking very frankly of the British soldier. "He is better fed, better paid, better cared for, and better clothed," says his Royal Highness, "than any soldier in Europe, because it is necessary to attract him; and, above all things comes the uniform. Half the men come for the uniform, for the pleasure of walking about in a smart coat, for the sake of the ladies." What he has omitted to say is that the British soldier does not do this last for nothing. I am told that there is a tariff charged by warriors of the Guards, and other crack regiments, for walking with the fair sex. If they are in mufti they are prepared to escort Jemima Anne, in public places, on very reasonable terms—twopence a walk; but if in uniform they consider themselves worth at least three times the money. These perquisites—which never appear in the Army Estimates—are very considerable, and, I need not say, are earned under the most agreeable circumstances the imagination can conceive. I wish—but what is the good of wishing—

Others I see whom these surround,
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure,
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

I am too short—not "up to the standard."

I suppose it is right that the good folk who intend to benefit us by their benevolence after death seldom inform us of their intentions in their lifetime. There is a proverb against good intentions, in connection with the future of those who do not keep their words to honest and deserving people, which may have its weight with them; or they may wish to spare us the sense of obligation derived from favours to come; or they may think it possible that between now and their decease they may have a quarrel with us, and wish to leave their money to somebody else; or they may not like the idea of their personal loss to us being mitigated by the prospect of getting some of their personal property. At all events, they do keep this very interesting matter to themselves, and for my part—though I would venture delicately to point out that there are ways by which rich persons can benefit the deserving other than dying for them, or even before them—I am inclined to think they are right in so doing. A contrary course would interfere with the freedom of social intercourse. One could not contradict a man—much less a lady—who had said he was going to leave us £50,000; and I should be uncommonly careful how I even differ from him. Indeed, I have known cases where the very greatest precautions have not prevented provisions of this kind coming to nothing, and to even an expression of personal opinion (in the codicil revoking the legacy), which was several degrees worse than nothing. (Why, by-the-way, people are allowed to "say things" in wills, which anybody can read for a shilling, that they mustn't say anywhere else, has always puzzled me—but that's a detail.) Moreover, where there is no such necessity for secrecy in the matter, as in the bequests to public bodies, I have noticed that when the testator announces beforehand his intention to benefit them, he never carries it out; and I have known him to even leave his money to an opposition institute. An eminent friend of mine once caused quite a flutter of gratitude in the Phrenological Society by promising them his head when he should have no further use for it. Yet, somehow, they never got it. And now I read that a great female philanthropist, still in life, has revoked a similar gift to the College of Surgeons. I hardly think, however, that this change in the post-mortem disposal of one's head should be set down in the ordinary category of non-performances. Perhaps some bump comes out upon it in the meantime—such as Economy—or another goes in—such as Lavishness—which alters the conditions, and compels the owner of the property in spite of himself to take another view of its destination.

I have often wished to be a clergyman, and cannot understand why my friends say it is "just as well" (some even say "better") that I did not carry that design into execution. Of all things in this world, I should like to stand up in a lofty pulpit, and read out (none of your extempore preaching for me) exactly what I please, and never be contradicted. What a chance for a man even if it occurred but once in a lifetime, and the divines have it every week! At Athens (U.S.A.) a minister has been abusing this privilege to the extent of preaching his own funeral sermon. He said, "I know my own faults, and my own good points, as nobody else knows, and I am not going to have people, after I am gone, talking of a thing they don't understand." The whole affair was arranged as though it had been the real thing, with the minister's family in their pew in the deepest mourning. He abstained from reviling his enemies in a very creditable manner, with the exception of some people in Alabama; and, even in that case, he made it less a personal matter than one of locality. "I have been called by the Lord to eleven States," he said, "except one, to which the Devil called me, and that was Alabama." A more free-spoken sermon (though the preacher, of course, was not a Free thinker) was never heard. To think that I have missed such an opportunity as this—open, I suppose, to every clergyman—is deplorable. Individuals like Lord Brougham, for instance, have pretended to die in order to read what was said of them in the papers; but to be able to write one's autobiography and read it out to people who can't even so much as say, "Oh, I like that!" (meaning that they don't, or that they disbelieve it) is a chance that can never happen to a layman. I was once asked by an enterprising editor to compose for him "a cheerful obituary" of an eminent friend then in ill-health (but who is, happily, not dead yet), and I declined; but if anyone should ask me to write my own (and will pay for it in advance), I am prepared to do business with him. Even in that case, however, there might be other obituaries, where my good points might not be so well handled; whereas a "funeral sermon" settles everything, and entirely to the satisfaction of the person most concerned, for good and all.

* "Heartsease and Rue," by James Russell Lowell.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty returned to England from the Continent on Friday, April 27. The voyage from Flushing was lengthened by contrary winds, and the Royal yacht arrived at Port Victoria at six o'clock. Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg entered the train shortly afterwards, and, travelling via Waterloo Junction, arrived at Windsor about half-past eight o'clock. Next morning the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. On Sunday morning, April 29, the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hornby, Provost of Eton College and Chaplain to the Queen, officiated; and the Rev. Dr. Hornby preached the sermon. The Prince of Wales visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon. The Queen went out, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with the infant Prince and Princess, left the castle shortly after four o'clock for Darmstadt and Jungenheim on Monday morning, April 30. The Queen went out from Windsor Castle, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein arrived at the castle. The Marquis of Salisbury arrived at the castle in the evening. He had an audience of the Queen, and afterwards had the honour of dining with her Majesty. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby had the honour of being invited. The Queen drove out on Tuesday morning, May 1, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The Marquis of Salisbury left the castle. The Duchess of Albany, with her children, arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen. Her Royal Highness will remain at the castle during the absence of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg on the Continent.

Queen Victoria has sent a letter to the Empress Victoria, expressing her Majesty's great gratification at the cordial reception extended to her by the inhabitants of Berlin.

The Prince of Wales was present at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History) in the Cromwell-road on Saturday morning. In the afternoon his Royal Highness visited the Goupil Galleries (Boussod, Valadon, and Co.) and inspected the picture of the "Palace of Fontainebleau," by Mr. J. Haynes Williams. He also honoured Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries, 160, New Bond-street, with a visit to inspect Mr. Mortimer Menpes' "Japanese" Exhibition. In the evening his Royal Highness and suite visited Toole's Theatre and witnessed the performance of "The Don." On Sunday the Prince paid a visit to the Queen at Windsor. On behalf of her Majesty, the Prince held the third Levée of the season at St. James's Palace on Monday, April 30. There were about a hundred presentations. In the morning his Royal Highness was present at the funeral of the late Mr. J. J. Kanné, Director of the Queen's Continental Journeys, at the Brompton Cemetery. In the evening the Prince and suite visited the Strand Theatre, and witnessed the performances of "Katti" and "Airy Annie."

At Windsor, on May 1, the thirty-eighth birthday of the Duke of Connaught was celebrated with the usual honours.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. Eric Rollo, second son of Lord Rollo, to Miss Constance Hohler, youngest daughter of Mr. H. B. Hohler, of Fawkham Manor, Kent, was solemnised on April 30 at St. George's Church, Hanover-square. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a costume of white duchesse satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, Brussels lace veil, and diamond ornaments. The bridesmaids were Miss Hohler, the Hon. Cicely Rollo, Lady Mary Bligh, the Hon. Mina North, Miss B. Preston, and Miss G. Tremayne. They were attired in dresses of white striped nun's veiling, trimmed with pale blue satin and gold lace, and white hats with aigrettes of pale blue ostrich feathers. Each carried a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley, tied with pale blue streamers, and wore a pearl bangle, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. John Lache was best man.

The marriage of the Hon. Alice Somerville, daughter of the late Lord Athlumney, and sister of the present Peer, to Mr. Charles Loftus Tottenham, son of the late Colonel Tottenham, M.P., was solemnised on April 30, at Frant, Sussex.

Mr. Francis Samuelson, second son of Sir Bernhard Samuelson, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., of 56, Prince's-gate, was married on April 24, at St. Matthias' Church, Torquay, to Miss Merritt-Wright, elder daughter of the late Mr. William Merritt-Wright, of St. John, New Brunswick, and of Mrs. Merritt-Wright, of Anstey's Lea, Torquay. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. Robert Younger as best man. The bride, who was given away by her great-uncle, Mr. Christian Allhusen, was attended by four bridesmaids—Miss Laycock, cousin of the bride; Miss Samuelson, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Symonds, and Miss Patton-Bethune.

Lord Justice Bowen presided at the anniversary dinner of the King's College Hospital, on April 30, at the Hôtel Métropole. Donations were announced to the amount of £2000.

The Bishop of London presided over the annual meeting of the National Temperance League held in Exeter Hall on April 30. The report showed that during the year the work had been considerable.

The programme arranged for Mr. Samuel Brandram's Saturday afternoon recital, May 5, is admirably adapted for the display of the varied style of this accomplished elocutionist: the first part being readings from Shakspeare—Prince Hal in three characters; and the second part a charming medley.

The following gentlemen have been called to the Bar:—at the Middle Temple—Harry Tahl, Giles A. Daubeny, John G. Bagram, Alphonse P. N. Du Toit, Henry T. L. Marshall, Lionel G. Creswell, Lakshman Gangadhar Bhadade, Cecil I. Carver, Wei Piu, Edgar V. Huggett, Ernest A. Robinson, Thomas Minstrell, Benjamin Bennett, William R. Smith, M.D., Aberdeen University, D.Sc. Edinburgh University. At Gray's Inn—Charles Palmer, James W. Ross-Brown, George L. Bannerman, and Samuel J. Goldston.

The annual general court and election of the Asylum for Idiots was held on April 26, at the Cannon-street Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. H. G. Hoare. The report stated that the annual subscriptions, which are the mainstay of the institution, show a decrease of about £40; and the charity suffered by the death and withdrawal of annual subscribers during the past year to the extent of £340. In the case of those ceasing to subscribe, inability to continue the payment had almost invariably been assigned as the reason for the withdrawal. The number of inmates at the present time is 579; 203 males and 57 females are usefully employed, and 43 more lads work half-time, and spend the rest in schools; while 45 males and 179 females are engaged in school full-time, and 85 half-time. There is a large number of patients retained gratuitously, and the institution continues to do much useful charitable work. The total receipts for the year ending Dec. 31, 1887, amounted to £26,158, and the expenditure to £25,043.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In this first and necessarily cursory survey of the exhibition at Burlington House, it is only possible to give the result of general impressions. The havoc amongst the well-known "outsiders" is notorious. Many artists who for years have been regular exhibitors have found themselves left out in the cold; and, amongst such, the names of Miss Clara Montalba, Mr. Keeley Halswelle, and others less well-known are conspicuous by their absence. In spite, or perhaps in consequence, of this Draconian legislation, the present year's exhibition will compare favourably not only with many previous ones but even with the display of last year, of which the level was admittedly high. The artists who on this occasion seem destined to make the greatest mark are the President (Sir F. Leighton), Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., Mr. Woods, A.R.A., Mr. S. J. Solomon, Mr. J. Farquharson, and, of course, Mr. Alma Tadema. These may be said to give the note to the exhibition; but in reality the general level is so good that the more important works do not shine out with such brilliance as they frequently have done. In the second flight we should be inclined to place Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Hook, R.A., Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Sant, R.A., and Mr. Claude Hayes. Mr. Henry Moore is, unfortunately, too apt to repeat himself in scenes of which he has already mastered the difficulties, and, consequently, his present achievements touch us less strongly.

Beginning with the first room, Mr. W. B. Richmond's portrait of Prince Bismarck (21) is a noteworthy picture, the result of the artist's ten days' sojourn at Friedrichsruhe. Although not in all respects equal to some of Mr. Richmond's work, especially in the painting of the eyes, it is a fine, strong rendering of the "Man of Iron," and will naturally attract its due share of attention. Close by it is a feeble specimen of Mr. G. D. Leslie's powers, the portrait of Sir Bradford Leslie (27), weak and wiry to the last degree. Mr. Hook's "Low Tide Gleanings" (32) is full of animation and fresh air, but it resembles so many of his compositions of sea and rock, with the ordinary sprinkling of red-skinned fisher-children, that it is only distinguishable from a dozen others by its title. Two excellent portraits by Mr. F. Holl—the Attorney-General (25) and Sir Andrew Clark, M.D. (22)—are both equally clever and equally wanting in imagination. Mr. Herbert Snell's "Floods in the Thames Valley" (25), a moonlight scene of inundated lowlands, is suggestive, somewhat, of the style of the late Mr. Cecil Lawson, grafted on to that of Mr. G. Mason. Mr. Sant, who has so long wandered among the flimsy requirements of satin and silk, sends a strongly-painted work, "The Soul's Awakening" (70), representing a young girl in a dark green dress, looking upwards, in which the colour is strong and the hands—so often a weak point in Mr. Sant's figures—are carefully and delicately painted. Mr. Marks's "From Sunny Seas" (69), an old man following on a chart his boy's wanderings, of which the results in birds' skins and the like bestrew the floor of the room. The picture has more sentiment if less humour than is generally to be found in the artist's work, but it is painted with that too manifest restraint which robs so many of Mr. Marks's works of their real human interest. Mr. F. Dicksee's "Within the Shadow of the Church" (5) is distinctly garish—forgetful that Venetian colouring relies on its rich harmonies rather than on its brilliant effects. Mr. F. D. Millet's "Love-Letter" (81) is an excellently conceived and pleasantly painted interior, in which the interest is fairly well distributed between the old father, divided between his newspaper and breakfast, and the young girl in white, who has just read the letter which she has withdrawn from the post-bag on the floor. In the careful rendering of details, Mr. Millet combines the methodical treatment of the best Dutch artists with much of the tender sentiment of the late Frenchmen. It is obviously of no small advantage to a painter to belong to a nation of which the art tendencies and peculiarities are as yet unsettled; and to be able, without violence to his origin, to gather flowers in every field of art. Mr. Henry Moore's "Nearing the Needles" (62) is made up of very much the same materials as his great picture of last year; but, rich and true as the colouring is, we fail to see in what, except in size, it differs from the original work. Mr. Yeend King's "An Osier-bed on the Kennet" (50) is the poetic treatment of an unpromising subject, and is especially noteworthy for its harmonious rendering of the shades of grey and green which make up the picture. Mr. L. Fildes's diploma work, "A School-girl" (63), gives us a very charming rendering of an English rustic beauty, with her slate under her arm, full of satisfaction at the conclusion of her daily task. The touch of colour upon the child's neck is extremely delicately treated, and the whole work bears witness to a consummate mastery of his art.

In the second room, Mr. Noble's "Royal Captives" (106) forms an agreeable contrast to the numerous wild beasts which glare at us from the walls, for the most part apparently bored by the treatment to which they have been subjected. Mr. Hook's "Feast of the Osprey" (160) is more delicate in colour than the work in the adjoining room, and, despite the absence of human life, is not less interesting. The rendering of the sea, too, is especially noteworthy as being less marked by those strong contrasts of blue and green which Mr. Hook seems to have brought away from the Norway coasts, and which have lived so perpetually in his memory. Mr. W. Carter's portrait of the Count De Torre-Diaz (155), against a light background, reminds one much of M. Fantin's best work, especially in its luminous qualities, which so many of our English artists, Mr. Frank Holl included, seem able to obtain only against dark backgrounds. Mr. Ouless's portrait of Cardinal Manning (147) is, if nothing more, a protest against Mr. Long's caricature of a noble face which appeared a year or two back. Mr. Ouless has justly realised the part which the hands play in the Cardinal's action and presence, and he has rightly concentrated upon them more than ordinary care. In the place of weakness which Mr. Long made so predominant in Cardinal Manning's face, Mr. Ouless has insisted upon its anxiousness, almost feminine perhaps, but in no sense irritable. An even stronger work, in all respects, is M. Carolus Duran's portrait of the eminent scientist M. Pasteur (157), a small full-face study, which displays the extraordinary strength which the French artist obtains with apparently so little effort and such slight painting. M. Carolus Duran is gifted with a flowing brush, which seems to follow automatically his insight into his sitter's inmost thoughts. Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Dr. Montague Butler (127), late head-master of Harrow, and the less successful one of Sir John Pender (122), deserve notice.

In the large gallery the three important pictures are Sir F. Leighton's "Captive Andromache" (227), Sir J. E. Millais's "Murtley Moor" (292), and Mr. Alma Tadema's "Roses of Heligobanus" (290). The charm of the last lies, before all things, in its exquisite colour, which impresses the spectator before he realises the patience, the skill, and the genius, we may add, with which the shower of rose-leaves under which the Emperor's guests lie struggling with almost comical despair, have been painted. The boldness of the conception and the originality of design place this work far above the level of ordinary works; and although some may find details, especially in the figures, at which to carp and cavil, this new

"Feast of Roses" will take its place amongst the very highest of Mr. Alma Tadema's productions, and amongst the most noteworthy of the present generation. The President's work is marked by his usual grace and stateliness, and the figure of the captive Andromache amidst the maidens at the well expresses in every line the depth of her despondency. For the purposes of the story it was, perhaps, unnecessary to accentuate by so black a garb her speechless grief; but no doubt Sir F. Leighton has reasons for the costume in which she is clad. Not the least striking feature of this really great work is the landscape, of which the slightly-clouded outline recalls many of the characteristics of that Tuscan school of which the President is the devotee. Sir J. E. Millais's autumn landscape is another rendering of the neighbourhood of Murtley Castle, of which the winter face is still to be seen at Messrs. Tooth's. The two works are in reality companion pictures, and, although in this there is a suggestion of "softness" of treatment which is absent from the other, the suffused light in the grey sky depicts with faultless truth the sky of the Scotch Highlands in later autumn. Passing to the works of the lesser luminaries we are at once arrested by Mr. T. F. Goodall's "Last of the Ebb" (188), Yarmouth harbour at low water, in which all the insignificant and prosaic accompaniments of stranded boats, muddy groins, and oozy slime are tinged with almost poetry. The colouring of the sky overhead, with its orange streaks among the heavy clouds, is especially good and truthful. Mr. Henry Woods, in "Saluting the Cardinal" (213), still finds in Venice unfailing inspiration, and it must be allowed that he is seldom betrayed into the monotonous repetition which possesses so many artists who take up their residence—even for a time—in Venice. The painting of the church doorway almost rivals Mr. Alma Tadema in minuteness and brilliancy; but it does not make one feel that the group of figures in the foreground are mere accessories; on the contrary, they give reality to the whole scene. Mr. F. Holl's portraits of Earl Spencer (221) and of Sir William Jenner (220) call for no special notice. Mr. Holl has apparently reached a certain high-water mark of technical skill of which he is content to rest the master. The somewhat gorgeous robes of the President of the Royal College of Physicians do not suffice to make the figure so imposing as the simply-dressed "Red Earl." Mr. Holl, in fact, depends altogether upon his model for dignity, finesse, or whatever his leading characteristic may be. He is content to transcribe literally what he sees, and never loses his head or his hand in searching after the "unseen," as his rival, Mr. Herkomer, so frequently, and to his honour, is known to do. Mr. E. Long's portrait of Lord Randolph Churchill (184), leaning forward in an arm-chair, has no artistic interest; but that by Mr. Sant of Mrs. Cubitt (190), in a black dress flecked with gold, is successful in all respects except the hands, which are distinctly awkward in pose and seem carelessly drawn. Mr. Collier's portrait, the late Lord Mayor Sir Reginald Hanson (198) in his robes, is not seen to the best advantage—moreover, it is presumably a tribute to necessity. Mr. Watts's allegorical picture "At Eventide" (173), the half-robed figure of a woman against a yellow sky, can scarcely be regarded as a success, either in point of colour or drawing. The other noteworthy pictures of this room are Mr. Hook's "The Day for the Lighthouse" (254), the ordinary combination of sea and beach; Mr. Henry Moore's best sea-piece, "Westward" (195), a view of the Isle of Wight as seen from the sea—the dark, moving waves just touched by the rays of the setting sun; Mr. Grant Rowe's "The Home Pasture" (177), an English landscape after Constable's heart, and possessing many of his predecessor's qualities, especially in the rendering of the sharp summer east wind; Mr. J. Gérôme's "Le Barde Noir" (205), seated against a background of blue tiles; and Mr. Marcus Stone's "In Love" (236), a delicately-finished work full of colour, and instinct with just enough sentiment to make the attitude of the youth and maiden interesting, but not so much as to render it mawkish.

Here we break off, with a single word of unqualified praise for Mr. Gilbert's seated statue of the Queen (1940), of which the casting has already been erected at Winchester. She is represented crowned and seated under a canopy, attired in her full robes, a figure of striking majesty and dignified repose.

HUMANITY REWARDED.

The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to James H. Griffin, commissioned boatman of coastguard at Drumore, for his gallant and praiseworthy services in saving the life of one of the crew of the steam-ship Galgorm Castle when wrecked at Balgown Point, Luce Bay, on March 13.—The Board of Trade have received, through the Consul-General for Sweden and Norway, two silver medals of the second class, which have been awarded by the Norwegian Government to John S. Wright, master, and Henry A. Price, second mate, of the steam-ship Glenmorven, of Newcastle, and six silver medals of the third class, which have been awarded by the Norwegian Government to John Thomas, John Hollern, Thomas Holden, Duncan M'Gregor, Gervase Boaman, and J. Carlsen, seamen of the Glenmorven, in recognition of the services rendered by the said officers and seamen to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Edwin, of Arendal, in the Atlantic, on March 3, 1887.—The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office a silver medal and testimonial, which have been awarded by the Spanish Government to Captain R. Smith, master of the British steam-ship Delos, in recognition of his services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the Spanish brigantine Favorita on Jan. 4 last.

At Portsmouth on May 1 the twin-screw composite sloop Nymph, a vessel of the Buzzard class, was launched.

Mr. Smallman has been chosen a Common Councilman for the ward of Cheap, in the room of Mr. E. J. Stoneham, deceased.

Mr. Moffat P. Lindner has been elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists.

Glasgow has rejected the proposal to establish free libraries by 22,987 against 13,550.

Mr. W. F. C. Holland, of Brasenose, has been elected president of the Oxford University Boat Club.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey for May are as follow:—Sunday, 6th, at ten a.m., Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton; at three p.m., Archdeacon Farrar; at seven p.m., Rev. Dr. Percival, Head Master of Rugby. Sunday, 13th, at ten a.m. (offertory for poor of Westminster), Rev. J. M. Dalton, Canon of Windsor, &c.; at three p.m., Archdeacon Farrar; at seven p.m., Rev. J. Richardson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham. Whit Sunday 20th, at ten a.m. (offertory for St. Andrew's Waterside Mission), the Dean; at three p.m., Archdeacon Farrar; at seven p.m., Rev. W. Page Roberts, Minister of St. Peter's, Vere-street. Trinity Sunday, 27th, at ten a.m. (offertory for Bishop of London's Fund), Rev. Dr. Hatch, Reader in Ecclesiastical History, Oxford University; at three p.m., Archdeacon Farrar; at seven p.m., Rev. William Rogers, Rector of Bishopsgate. Thursday, 10th (Ascension Day), at three p.m., Bishop of Carlisle, for Clergy Orphan Corporation. Whit Monday, 21st, at three p.m., the Dean. Whit Tuesday, 22nd, at three p.m., Rev. W. Sinclair, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westminster.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

London begins to be bright again. May weather and May festivities come opportunely to soften political asperities. Illustrious Lords and Commons, led by the Prime Minister himself, robust and in fine form, meet on neutral ground at the Royal Academy banquet. Ignoring their dissensions of a few years ago, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell have cemented their alliance at the dinner-table of Mr. Armitstead, in the congenial company of Mr. John Morley, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and Mr. J. E. Ellis. And her Majesty comes to town to inaugurate the London Season in person, the Queen having graciously arranged to attend the performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" at the Albert Hall, on the Eighth of May, as well as to hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace during the same week.

The House of Lords was fairly full on the Twenty-sixth of April, when the Earl of Dunraven in an admirably considered speech, but too long by half, propounded his plan for the reconstitution of the Upper House. His Lordship's Bill proved comprehensive; but its adoption would assuredly not have allayed the partial dissatisfaction with the principle of an hereditary legislature. Briefly stated, the proposal of Lord Dunraven was that Peers should be eligible to sit in the Commons, and the new House of Lords should comprise the existing Royal Peers, an elected body of hereditary Peers chosen from the general body, and representatives of the forthcoming County Councils, of Literature, Art, and Science, and of other religious denominations besides the Established Church, the representation of which would be confined to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester. Lord Denman's motion to reject the revolutionary Bill was followed by so clearly-delivered and reasonable an address from the Earl of Pembroke that it is to be regretted the noble Lord does not often favour the House with his straightforward views. Lord Pembroke recommended the addition to the existing House of some hundred and fifty or two hundred life Peers. To this suggestion the Marquis of Salisbury lent an ear. After Lord Camperdown and Earl Cowper had urged the Government to take up the question, Lord Salisbury tersely and cogently reviewed the difficulties of the case, frankly admitted some rule might be adopted to exclude "Black Sheep" from the sacred fold, and foreshadowed a Ministerial measure for the creation of a number of additional life Peers. As having a prescriptive right to speak on a subject he has almost made his own, the Earl of Rosebery moved uneasily about on the front Opposition bench as though desirous of adding his voice to the discussion; and the Earl of Derby grasped a bunch of notes doubtless containing much profound wisdom; but neither noble Earl spoke. In a muffled whisper, Earl Granville afforded fresh proof of his power of moving his lips without uttering articulate sound—in so far as the majority of his listeners went. The upshot was the withdrawal by Lord Dunraven of his carefully elaborated measure, which will presently be supplanted by the Government Life Peers Bill.

Ministers in the Commons have scarcely recovered from the surprise occasioned by the thunderbolt Lord Randolph Churchill dropped on their heads on the Twenty-fifth of April. His Lordship has of late assumed so quiet, not to say subdued, a tone in his corner-seat above the Treasury bench—only occasionally desisting from curling the ends of his long moustache when he had to interchange confidences with his trusty new ally, Mr. Hanbury, across the gangway—that his former colleagues may well have been lulled into the belief that they were safe from attack from his quarter. The greater their surprise when the noble Lord suddenly roused himself from his apathy, and hit out right and left at the Government on the score of their neglect of formal pledges to extend local administrative reform to Ireland. The occasion was apt. Mr. Carew had introduced a County Council Bill for Ireland; Mr. Smith Barry had moved an amendment to the effect that the reform would not be expedient at the present time; and Mr. Balfour had with habitual confidence and readiness sought to refute Mr. Gladstone's earnest defence of the principle of Mr. Carew's measure. Then it was Lord Randolph Churchill rose, and roundly rated the uneasy occupants of the Treasury bench for omitting to fulfil the promise he had made on behalf of the Government whilst he was Leader of the House. Explicitly stating that he had made the announcement from a written statement, every word of which had been approved by the Prime Minister and the Irish Secretary of that period, Lord Randolph Churchill went on to say that the decision the Ministry had come to had also the sanction of the Liberal Unionists, adding with emphasis, amid loud Opposition cheers, "We pledged ourselves that we would, at the very earliest opportunity, extend to Ireland the same amount of local liberty which we extend to England." Clinching this awkward reminder with the declaration that this "is the only platform on which you can resist repeal," his Lordship thoroughly stimulated the House by his lively speech. Mr. Chamberlain felt bound to hint that the Government had done nothing that would hinder them from extending local self-government within a reasonable time; but Mr. John Morley promptly disputed the accuracy of this line of argument. And, upon Mr. W. H. Smith's endeavouring to deliver a Ministerial answer, Mr. Biggar and Mr. Parnell secured the application of the closure. But the only immediate result was that Mr. Carew's Bill was defeated by 282 against 195 votes. It is probable, however, that Lord Randolph Churchill's application of the whip will accelerate the action of the Ministry in this matter.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer bears up bravely in the face of the hosts of critics who have essayed to pick holes in his singularly complicated Budget. In compliance with general objection, Mr. Goschen has materially reduced the wheel taxes, which he would have done well to drop altogether. Albeit he disagreed with Mr. Gladstone as to the duties on bottled wines affecting our trade with France, the communication he has since received from the French Foreign Minister has doubtless induced Mr. Goschen to modify his opinion on that point.

Of the other subjects that have been debated in the Lower House, the question of middle-class education has been one of the most important. Mr. Arthur Acland brought it forward in a lucid speech on the Twenty-seventh of April, and contended that the Government should foster the secondary education of the country. The motion was heartily supported by Mr. John Morley. Stimulated by Lord Hartington's appeal, the Ministry will probably tackle the matter now. On the Thirtieth of April, Mr. Balfour at length secured the second reading of the Bill to endow the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland with a salary; but he did so in the teeth of a storm of opposition. Despite the antagonism of Mr. T. W. Russell, the Irish Secretary also prevailed upon the House to read the Irish Land Law Commission Bill the second time. The "merry month of May" opened with a fruitless plea on behalf of the Scottish crofters by Dr. Clark; and with Mr. Bradlaugh's vain effort to quicken the Government into cultivation of waste lands. The hon. member's reward was a count-out.

SIR JOHN PENDER.

It is generally felt that Sir John Pender has eminently deserved all the honours recently conferred upon him as the liberal and munificent pioneer of ocean telegraphy, which has knit together the sea-sundered sections of the British Empire in bonds of interest and friendship. As an instalment of the distinction due to him from the State, which he has served so well, Sir John Pender has been created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; and the bestowal of this honour by her Majesty was celebrated on the Twenty-third of April by a banquet given to Sir John Pender in the White Hall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, the Earl of Derby taking the chair and eloquently testifying to the public spirit ever shown by the guest of the evening. Lord Derby gave quite dramatic point to one notable episode in the useful career of Sir John Pender. His Lordship was alluding to the loss of the Atlantic Cable which the Great Eastern was engaged in laying. The great enterprise for the moment collapsed. The fellow-directors of Sir John Pender were in despair, as well they might have been, with so much capital lying at the bottom of the Atlantic. It was at this crisis that Sir John Pender revived hope by offering his personal guarantee of a quarter of a million sterling. An Atlantic cable was at length successfully laid; and the old one was fished from the bed of the ocean. Lord Derby's argument that this and other instances of courageous enterprise entitled Sir John Pender to rank as a national benefactor will not be disputed.

Sir John Pender, we may mention in connection with our Portrait of this distinguished public servant, is the second son of the late Mr. James Pender, of Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire. He was born in 1816; and his native energy and exceptional faculty for organisation soon won for him a high position as a merchant in London, Glasgow, and Manchester. How he came to devote his fortune to the development of ocean telegraphy has been explained. Sir John Pender has been the leader of those who have combined in the Eastern Telegraph and Eastern Extension Companies to extend the immeasurable advantages of submarine telegraphy to India and the east coast of Africa, to China, Australia, and New Zealand. What with the Atlantic and Eastern cables, and others projected, telegraphic wires will soon completely girdle the earth. The incalculable value of this rapid telegraphic intercommunication to England in war-time and at diplomatic crises should be borne in mind in estimating aright the invaluable services of Sir John Pender. Recalling, doubtless, many a case in point, Lord Wolseley did not omit to dwell on this fact at the Pender banquet. The occasion was rendered additionally noteworthy by the uncovering of an excellent portrait of Sir John Pender, painted by Herkomer on behalf of the Testimonial Committee for presentation to Lady Pender. We may add that Sir John Pender for some years represented Totnes and the Wick Burghs in Parliament, for a seat in which he is so well qualified. He has two sons, who have inherited the rare qualities of their father. With respect to the enormous growth of submarine telegraphy, with which Sir John Pender's name must ever be inseparably associated, it may be stated that the cost of the cables has been thirty-six millions to the companies and four millions to the Government.

The first presentation of the honorary freedom of the city of Manchester took place on April 27. The honour was conferred on the new High Sheriff of Lancashire, Mr. Oliver Heywood, of Claremont, Pendleton, in recognition of the obligations of the citizens of Manchester to Mr. Heywood for his active participation in all works affecting the well-being of the community. Mr. Heywood was entertained at a banquet in the evening by the Mayor and Corporation, at which Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Charles were present.



SIR JOHN PENDER, K.C.M.G.

OUR TROOPS IN BURMAH.

The expedition of the column of British and Indian troops commanded by Major Yates into the Northern Shan district of Upper Burmah has effected its object of restoring peace, fortunately with little opposition or bloodshed. Lieutenant A. E. Congdon, of the 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers, sends us another Sketch of the marching of this field force, which has been rather severe and fatiguing, on account of the physical features of the country. At the Myitngé river it was stopped two days and a half by the difficulty of crossing. A few native "dug-out" canoes were procured, while the handy Ghoorkas and other troops constructed two bamboo rafts for themselves, which were guided by skilful Shan boatmen; and the stream was crossed in safety, the pack-animals, and the ponies of the mounted infantry, swimming over without any serious misadventure. The expedition, on March 17, was marching homeward, after being out three months.

Mr. Gilbert C. Bourne, Fellow of New College, Oxford, has been appointed secretary of the Marine Biological Association of the United Kingdom and director of the Plymouth Laboratory.

Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., presided on April 27 at the distribution of medals, prizes, and certificates to the successful students of the Polytechnic science, art, technical, and commercial classes for the session of 1886-7.

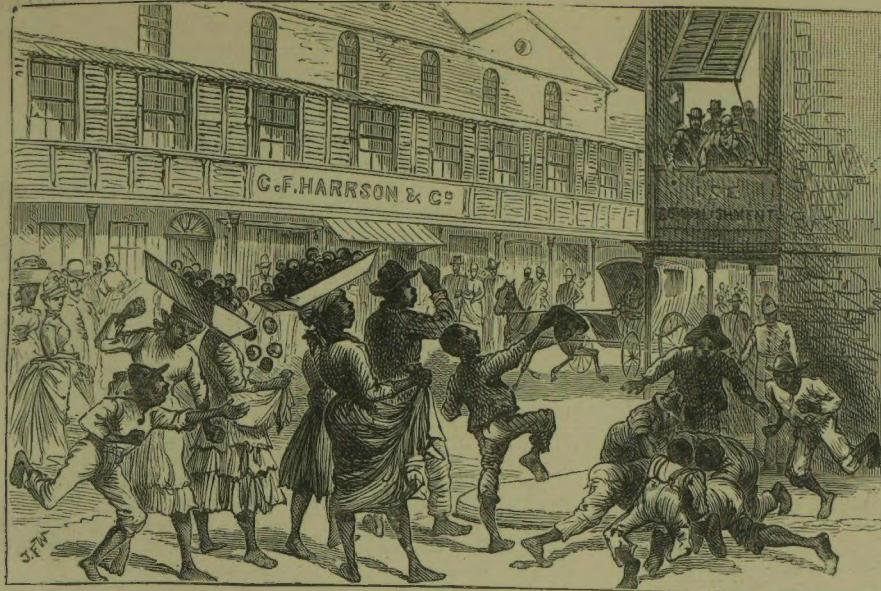
GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Glasgow, on Tuesday, May 8, to open the International Exhibition, will be an interesting event for the inhabitants of the greatest city in Scotland. The Lord Provost, Sir James King, and the Municipality of Glasgow, with the leading citizens and the gentry and nobility of the neighbouring counties, are prepared to give their Royal Highnesses a splendid reception. The contents of the Exhibition will prove both attractive and instructive to hundreds of thousands of visitors. Our Artist presents a View of the Exhibition building, with the part called "The Bishop's Palace," as seen from the West-End Park. The general design reminds one of the Crystal Palace, as it has a great central avenue or nave, 60 ft. in width, with a transept of equal width intersecting it at the centre. Right and left of the main avenue the various courts, thirty-seven in number, are ranged. They have a uniform width of 50 ft., and vary in length from 50 ft. to 135 ft. The Grand Hall is an imposing structure, capable of accommodating over 3000 persons. The section of the building allotted to the fine arts has been designed and constructed with a view to its being retained as a temporary home for the fine-art collection belonging to the Corporation. There are in all seven picture galleries, also a sculpture gallery, and two upper corridors for architecture and photography. The machinery department will be a conspicuous feature of the Exhibition. It is laid out in parallel courts, nine in number. Among the outside buildings, the most important is the "Bishop's Palace." It is an exact reproduction of the old Bishop's Castle, which formerly stood near the Glasgow Cathedral, and the ruins of which were removed a century ago. The building is erected on the slope below the University, and is to be used for the exhibits of the archaeological and historical section. It is surmounted by a gallery and promenade, which commands a view of the grounds. The whole area covered by the buildings is about fourteen acres. The structure is, for the most part, of wood, with an iron and glass roof-covering. The external design is Moorish in character, and is both imposing and picturesque. The main feature is a central dome, which rises to a height of 150 ft., and is flanked by lofty minarets and towers of Oriental form. It is internally richly decorated in the style of the Alhambra. The principal entrance, by which the Prince and Princess of Wales enter the Exhibition building for the opening ceremony, is in the centre of the building, and opens into the great central dome. In front is a statue of the Queen, who thus, in effigy at least, seems to preside over the Exhibition. She looks toward the Kelvin, and over the beautiful grounds, with kiosks, trees, and the sloping banks, surmounted on one side by the University, and on the other by the houses of the West-End Park. In front of the main entrance are two bridges, communicating with the grounds on the right bank of the Kelvin.

The architect of the buildings is Mr. James Sellars, of Glasgow, with whom Mr. James Barr, C.E., has been associated in the construction of the main edifice. The general manager is Mr. H. J. Hedley, who occupied a similar position at the successful Exhibition in Edinburgh two years ago. The dining and refreshment-rooms are fitted up from designs by Mr. A. J. Williamson, Glasgow. The rooms are to be known as the Royal Stewart, the Black Watch, the Clan Gordon, the Clan Campbell, and the Clan Mackenzie buffet, all situated in the south-west side of the main building, adjoining the Indian and Canadian sections. The architect has decorated them in honour of the different Highland regiments that wear the tartan, a special feature being the introduction of the respective clan tartans. The Royal Bungalow dining-rooms consist of the Lucknow and the Delhi rooms. There is also a buffet in honour of the heroic General Gordon.



OUR TROOPS IN BURMAH: ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS CROSSING THE MYITNGÉ RIVER.



STREET SCENE, BARBADOES: THROWING MONEY.



WOMEN COLLECTING BOTTLES, BARBADOES.



PUERTO CABELLO, VENEZUELA.



THE HARBOUR, CURAÇAO.



PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

After visiting Demerara, Trinidad, and Barbadoes, our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, made the voyage along the northern coast of South America to the Isthmus of Panama, touching at several ports the shores of the extensive Spanish-American Republican State of Venezuela. Before leaving the town of Port of Spain, in Trinidad, he witnessed, on Feb. 13 and Feb. 14, the festivities of the Carnival, in which the masquerade costumes worn by some of the negro people, who mostly dressed in white, had a very picturesque effect. Their attire and behaviour on this occasion, in former years, caused a certain degree of scandal; but the Governor, Sir William Robinson, this year issued a proclamation forbidding improper extravagancies; and our Artist, who has seen a good deal in many other cities of the civilised and uncivilised world, testifies that there was nothing at Port of Spain to shock the most fastidious sense of decorum. He sketched the scene in Frederick-street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the town, while the Carnival was going on there.

At Bridgetown, Barbadoes, also, sketches of popular street-life were taken by our Artist; who writes of them as follows:—

"The love of money is a root well implanted in Barbadian female bosoms; and hundreds of women are constantly engaged travelling round the island, buying bottles from small inns, private houses, and villagess; these they bring into town and sell to the merchants; and it is whispered that many of the Bass, the Hennessy and Martell bottles are refilled with inferior liquids, and sold at the usual price. I have known it done in other parts of the world. Again, it is a

favourite amusement for passengers landing at Barbadoes, when they go to the usual rendezvous, the ice-house, to throw copper and even silver coins into the streets; it was both curious and interesting to see young and old, men, women, and children, doing everything they could to induce you to throw a coin into their hats, hands, or aprons; the boys and girls scrambled and many a handsome dish of fruit came to grief in the race for money."

Venezuela extends on the mainland from the frontier of British Guiana, which is situated to the east, and of the Brazilian Empire, to the south-east, as far as the western shore of the Gulf of Maracaibo, which is wholly included within the territory of this large State. Beyond it, the north-western part of South America, with the Isthmus of Panama, belongs to the neighbouring Republic of Colombia, which will be noticed in a future article. Venezuela, or "Little Venice," as it was called by the first Spanish colonists, is therefore an immense region, nearly as big as France and Germany together, containing several high mountain ranges, huger than the Alps, great forests, and "llanos," or grassy steppes, with all the vast plains of the Orinoco and its tributary rivers, forming by nature one of the most important countries on the globe. Its fertility, in many parts, and its pastoral capabilities and mineral riches, might support a great and wealthy nation; yet its population is under two millions, including the wild Indian tribes of the interior, and its commerce is not half that of the British island of Trinidad. The ports of La Guayra (Caracas), Puerto Cabello, and Maracaibo, with

the Dutch isle of Curaçao, are regularly visited by vessels connected with the European steam-ship companies; and there is a coasting trade eastward from those places to Barcelona, Cumana, and the province of Maturin, and the delta of the Orinoco. Roads and telegraphs have been constructed, and railways commenced, to join the distant federal provinces to the capital, which is the city of Caracas, and with La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, the chief inlets of foreign traffic. The recent discovery of gold-fields in the south-western mountain region is expected to bring a considerable accession of wealth to Venezuela. The cultivation of coffee and cacao (the "cocoa" of commerce), also to a less extent of sugar, cotton, and indigo, and the exports of bark, sarsaparilla, and various drugs and dye substances, furnish the staples of trade with Europe. Caracas, twelve miles inland from La Guayra, is beautifully situated in an elevated valley, and is described as a pleasant city of 50,000 inhabitants, with good streets, fair gardens, and stately public buildings. Puerto Cabello, of which our Artist supplies a View, has an antiquated Dutch fort at the entrance to the harbour. From this place, our Artist passed to the island of Curaçao, more correctly written Curaçao, which has given its name to a favourite liqueur. "As we entered," he says, "the pretty little harbour was looking its best, with the dark-blue water throwing up the 'white horses'; the buildings roofed with blue and red tiles, the edges of which are picked out in white: the effect is charming, and I regretted that we only stayed there half an hour."

THE PARIS SALON.

Let us state at once that the Salon of 1888 is not particularly remarkable. Both the painters and the sculptors seem to be reserving their efforts for the Universal Exhibition, next year. In the present Salon, then, although technical qualities may be observed in abundance in almost all the works exhibited, there are very few pictures which strike one by their originality, their personal stamp, or the novelty of the artist's endeavour. We will take a rapid walk through the rooms without further preamble, and note, *en passant*, the pictures of the year, and first of all those whose authors opinion has already picked out as candidates for the Medal of Honour—namely, Benjamin-Constant, Maignan, and Detaille. M. Benjamin-Constant's three panels for the decoration of the new Sorbonne are, in dimensions, the most important work in the Salon, measuring each, 14 ft. by 24 ft. In conception and in colouration they are a protest against the simplification of drawing and the flat and pale colour which Puvis de Chavannes has made fashionable in French decorative work, for M. Benjamin-Constant has frankly sought his inspiration in the example of the Venetians, especially of Veronese. The centre panel shows the Rector and Deans of Faculties of the Sorbonne clothed in their academic robes and seated on a hemicyclic marble bench under a cupola supported by pillars of rose marble, between which, in the background, we see the buildings of the old Sorbonne. In the lateral panels, allegorising Literature and Science, the framework of marble settle and pillars is maintained, but the background is a green vista of sloping lawn and woods that make us think of the primitive *académies* of Hellas. This triptych is a superb work, full of beauty and of masterly execution. M. Albert Maignan's "Voices of the Tocsin" is a sensational allegory with a patriotic note: the burning town and steeple that we see in one corner is Strasbourg; or a terrace of the tower is the French flag; swinging furiously in mid-air is the tocsin, from which issue sounds personified by nude or draped figures, which swoop tumultuously through the air, howling, shouting, calling, while others tug at the bell-ropes to accelerate the movements of the sinister alarm. The figures are well-drawn *académies* without any marked character. The colouration of the picture is monotonous, dull, and disagreeable. The "Voices of the Tocsin" imply a considerable effort, but not entirely a happy one. M. Edouard Detaille, whose work we have not seen at the Salon for several years, exhibits "Le Rêve," a panoramic and most impressive picture ten feet long. An immense plain, covered with soldiers, officers and men side by side, each wrapped in his rug, and sleeping on the bare ground in prodigious variety of posture. The muskets are stacked in long rows that vanish towards the distant horizon; between two stacks the flag is slung in its black case; the plain, all lumpy with these recumbent forms, is dotted here and there with the red glow of camp fires; it is just the moment when dawn is breaking through the shades of night, which draw off heavily, and disclose the phantom armies of Napoleon and Louis Philippe riding gloriously in the clouds. M. Detaille will certainly have an immense success; his picture is most striking and fascinating, though, to my sense, it is not improved by the phantasmagoria to which it owes its title of "The Dream."

The portrait of the year is M. Bonnat's lifesize picture of Cardinal Lavigerie sitting in an arm-chair, full-face towards the spectator, and clad in his Cardinal's scarlet robes, with a scarlet cowl over his head. By the same artist is an admirable portrait of Jules Ferry. J. F. Raffaelli has a curious and strongly personal portrait of Edmond de Goncourt; Jules Lefebvre, a portrait of a little girl with red hair; Carolus Duran, a marvellous portrait of the painter Français, and a richly coloured and telling picture of his daughter (engraved in our issue of last week); Cabanel, two cold, official, and unreal portraits of highborn ladies; John S. Sargent, his extremely artistic portrait of Mrs Playfair; W. Q. Orchardson, a portrait of Mrs Joseph, Gustave Courtois, a sumptuous portrait of Alice Regnault; André Brouillet, a clever and elegant portrait of Mlle. Dariand; Rolt's "Au Trot"—a little boy riding on a grey pony—and his "Fermière," besides being portraits, are complete pictures and fine bits of painting. Charming, too, is Aimé Morot's portrait of a lady; Bramtot's young girl in white Louis XIII. costume; F. H. Behmer's portrait of a lady; Jeanne Rongier's "Organist"; Mathey's portrait of Rops, the etcher, the very distinguished and delicate portrait, on the line by Miss Mary Naylor. Gervex's portrait of a lady, in a red Japanese robe, is remarkably skilful; Theodore Blake Wirgman's portrait of a lady is one of the strongest in the Salon; and Agache's simple and bold portrait of a girl, one of the most striking and original from the point of view of colour arrangement. Notice also the Belgian De La Hoese's lady in green, Jacomb-Hood's portrait of his brother, and Herman G. Herkomer's portrait of Hubert Herkomer.

In the multitude of huge decorative compositions, panels, large pictures, and small pictures, we must content ourselves with a limited selection, from want of space to enumerate all that are worth notice. Raphael Collin's "Fin d'Eté," for the Rector's dining-room in the new Sorbonne, is, to my sense, the most exquisite decorative picture in the Salon: in a soft, silvery landscape nymphs are dancing in the background, and in the foreground a maiden draped in blue and rose Japanese stuffs advances, holding a bundle of flowers in her arms. Léon Lhermitte's "Repos," a harvester and his wife and baby resting in the shadow of corn-sheaves, is a splendid piece of drawing, painting, and observation; Gaston Latouche's "Accouchée" is one of the pictures of the Salon where observation and delicate sentiment are best combined; very wonderful in observation, light, and colour are G. Kuehl's "Card-players" and "Choir-boys"; remarkable for similar technical qualities is Victor Marec's "Return from the Funeral"; excellent for the rendering of ambient atmosphere and figures in seaside air is Middleton Jameson's "On the Beach at Merlimont"; Julius M. Price's "Fish Auction" reminds one of the delicate work of Leprince; Walter Gay's "Benedicite" and J. Gari Melcher's "Dutch Pilots in an Inn Parlor" are two of the most striking works in the Salon for profound observation, delicate sentiment, and simple mastery of technique. I need not call attention to the works of Henner, Bouguereau, François Flameng, Cazin, Dubufe, J. P. Laurens, Outin, Ziem, Volland, Gérôme, Duez, Delort, Doucet, Couturier, Beaumetz, Le Blant, Feyen-Perrin, and a score other eminent painters, whose pictures year after year present the same qualities or defects. As for the Jules Breton, girls holding lilies in their hands and going to some procession in honour of the Virgin (engraved in our issue of last week), I need not say that the composition is charming, and the picture full of tender sentiment and grace. The same remarks apply to Jules Breton's second picture, "L'Etoile du Berger."

Are these all the pictures that deserve note? No. There are many sweet landscapes by Jan Monchablon, Bernier, Ch. H. Davis, Alfred Parsons, Japy, Desbrosses, Barau, Olive, Isenbart, V. Binet, Rapin, and others, which I would have gladly mentioned did space permit. I should have wished also to notice the exhibits of the English artists represented at the Salon in the section of oil-painting alone, but I must content myself with an enumeration of their names:—H. C. Baxter,

W. Biddlecombe, R. Bottomley, Miss Constance Bowes, R. B. Browning, Miss E. M. Burrell, Misses Milly Childers, Annabel Downes, Fanny Duncan, J. S. Dyce, Alf. Elias, E. H. Fahey, Shirley Fox, R. Hall, G. P. Jacomb-Hood, Edith James, Middleton Jameson, Katherine MacCausland, Alex. Mackenzie, Blanche Mathews, Mary Naylor, Bertha Newcombe, W. Q. Orchardson, W. M. Palin, Alf. Parsons, Ernest Parton, Florence Pash, Annie Perts, Julius M. Price, A. E. Sterner, Adrian Stokes, J. M. Swan, Miss G. E. Swayne, J. M. Templeton, Miss E. Tolhurst, W. T. Warrener, D. Watson, Eleanor Wood, W. Wyld.

Of the sculpture department there is little to be said this year except that there are few important works. The most imposing in dimensions is Caravanniez's monument to the Comte de Chambord, composed of five groups. There are two fine groups of animals by Cain and Valton; a beautiful marble huntress nymph by Falguière; and some charming current works by Mercié, Chapu, Escola, Peinte, Marioton, Barrias, Desca, Carlès, Laoast, Injalbert, &c., and, of course, many hundreds of busts.

T. C.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT ROME.

The garden of the British Embassy, it appears from recent statements in the *Times* correspondence, is menaced with destruction, practically, by measures which the Municipality of Rome have in contemplation. The views in those grounds, with the cypresses and the fountain, comprise bits of the interior of the old Roman city wall, with a foreground of picturesque landscape-gardening, which will be entirely cut away by the proposed road. There are other interesting features in the garden, one of which is the ilex avenue, and there is also the glade, which is the only thing of its kind left within the walls of Rome. As the grounds will be untenable if the proposed inroad is made, the entire garden would become building ground. It is still hoped, however, that the energetic protest of the Embassy will induce the Italian Government to veto this project, which cannot be carried into effect without its approval. Public opinion in England may have some weight on such a question.

OBITUARY.

LADY KILMAINE.

The Right Hon. Mary, Dowager Baroness Kilmaine, died on April 23, aged seventy-two. The loss of this lady, so long associated with works of charity, will be deeply felt. Her Ladyship was the second wife of the late and mother of the present Lord Kilmaine. Her father, the Hon. Charles Ewan Law, M.P., Recorder of London, was son of Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough.

MR. MACLEOD OF CADBOLL.

Mr. Robert Bruce Æneas Macleod, of Cadboll, Cromartyshire, and Invergordon Castle, Ross-shire, died suddenly on April 5. He was born May 10, 1818, the elder son of the late Mr. Roderick Macleod, of Cadboll, M.P. for Sutherland and Lord Lieutenant, Cromartyshire, by Isabella, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Cunningham, of Lainshaw, and represented a branch of the great Scottish house of Macleod of Lewis. He was educated at the Royal Naval College, and retired from the Navy as Commander. He was Vice-Lieutenant, Cromartyshire, and J.P. and D.L. for Ross-shire. He married, March 5, 1857, Ellen Augusta, daughter of Sir John Pollard Willoughby, Bart., and by her (who died March 8, 1884) leaves issue. The eldest son, Captain Roderick Willoughby Macleod, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, born May 29, 1858, succeeds to the estates.

MR. RUSSELL BROOKE ROBERTSON.

Mr. Russell Brooke Robertson, C.M.G., H.B.M. Consul at Yokohama, and Assistant Judge of her Majesty's Court for Japan, died suddenly on April 10, just after his return from leave of absence in England. He was only son of the late Sir Daniel Brooke Robertson, Consul-General at Canton, and entered the Consular Service in Japan in 1860. In 1871 he became Consul in Yokohama, and, in 1881, Assistant Judge of her Majesty's Court for Japan.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Admiral William Norton Taylor, aged ninety.

Admiral James Beaumine Willoughby, on April 21, aged seventy-three.

Sir Alfred Ryder, K.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet, accidentally drowned in the Thames, on May 1.

Lady Curtis, wife of Sir William M. Curtis, Bart., of Caynham Court, near Ludlow, on April 26.

The Rev. William Bouverie Pusey M.A., formerly Rector of Langley, Kent, on April 19, aged seventy-seven.

Mr. Charles Sturge, a well-known member of the Society of Friends, at Bewdley, on May 1, in his eighty-eighth year.

Dr. De Chaumont, who succeeded the late Professor Parkes as professor of military hygiene at Netley Hospital, on April 18.

Lady Cecil Jane De la Feld, daughter of Edmond Henry, first Earl of Limerick, on April 24, at Brookesby, near Torquay.

Mr. Matthew Holbeche Bloxam, F.S.A., the well-known antiquarian writer, at Rugby, on April 24, aged eighty-three.

Mr. Fleetwood Pellew Wilson, of Wappingham Manor, D.L. and J.P., in the county of Northampton, on April 24, at Boscombe Chine, Bournemouth.

Mr. William Channell Bovill, the eldest son of the late Lord Chief Justice Bovill, Clerk of Assize on the Western Circuit, at Eastbourne, on April 29.

The Rev. John Byron, M.A., on April 22, aged seventy-one. He was for forty-seven years Vicar of Killingholme and Habrough, and for many years Rural Dean.

Major Robert Knapp Barrow, C.M.G., on April 22, in his fifty-third year. He was Assistant-Secretary, Gold Coast Colony, from 1882 to 1884 and Colonial Secretary from 1884 up to the time of his death.

Deputy Commissary-General Joseph William Wybault, at his residence, Sion House, county Kilkenny, on April 12. He was the last surviving officer of the Commissariat Department who served in the Peninsular War.

The Hon. Walter Montagu Kerr, C.E., on April 23, from fever contracted on his way to Africa, aged thirty-six. He was the third son of Lord Charles Lennox Kerr, and grandson of William, sixth Marquis of Lothian.

Mr. John Baring, third son of the late Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., and brother of the late Lord Northbrook, at Oakwood, Sussex, on April 17. He was born Sept. 14, 1801; and married, in 1842, Charlotte Amelia, eldest daughter of the Rev. George Porcher, of Maiden Erleigh, Berks, who died in 1846.

The new water supply for Wakefield, which has been secured at an estimated cost of £350,000, was formally turned on by the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Lee, on May 1.

Mr. Charles S. Scott, C.B., has been appointed her Majesty's Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Berne, in the place of Sir Francis O. Adams, who retires from the Diplomatic Service.

THE QUEEN AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

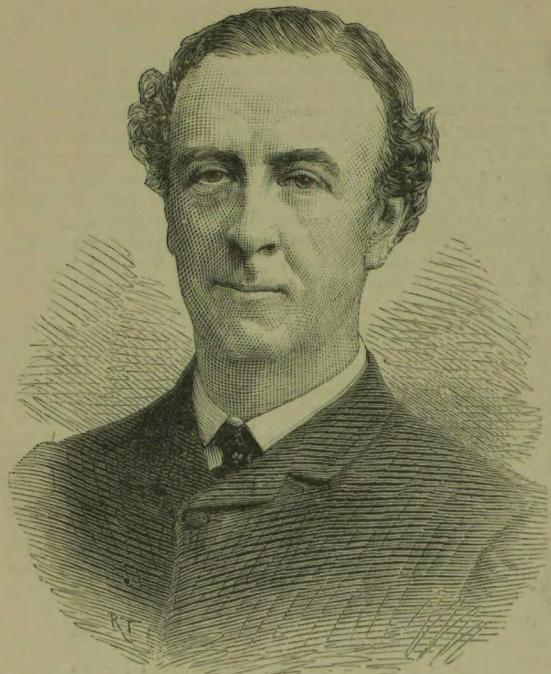
A Berlin artist supplies two sketches of the scenes on Tuesday, April 24, when our Queen, having travelled direct from Florence, arrived at the Charlottenburg station, and met her eldest daughter, the Empress of Germany, to whom, and to her worthy husband, the Emperor Frederick, she came with motherly affection, and with solicitude for his dangerous malady, and for the distressing situation of his wife and family. The Palace of Charlottenburg is near the railway-station. At half-past eight in the morning, the Empress was ready and waiting at the palace till the train was signalled, and arrived on the platform just as it entered the station. The Queen was seen at the middle window of one of the saloon carriages, looking wonderfully well, and was greeted with a military salute by the Crown Prince, who wore over his General's uniform the insignia of the Orders of the Garter and the Black Eagle. There was some difficulty in opening the carriage door, but the two Scottish servants succeeded, after several attempts, and the Empress and the Crown Prince entered the carriage, followed by the four Princesses. The meeting was very touching, and tears stood in the Queen's eyes when her Imperial daughter approached her. Mother and daughter embraced and kissed each other again and again, then held one another's hands in silence. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess, Prince Henry, the four Princesses, the Queen's grand-daughters, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, her grandson, were then embraced and kissed by her Majesty, and the Hereditary Prince of Meiningen kissed her hand. Princess Beatrice was also greeted, with her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was in plain clothes, and wore a tall hat. The meeting in the railway-carriage lasted about five minutes; after which the Crown Prince gave the Queen his arm and conducted her to the carriage in waiting, the Empress walking at her mother's right, and the Princes and Princesses following. While on the platform the Queen exchanged a few words with the British Ambassador and Lady Emyntre Malet, and a black-bordered letter of welcome from the Empress Augusta was handed to her by the Empress's secretary, who was permitted to kiss her hand. The Queen's suite consisted of Lady Churchill, Miss Phipps, General Ponsonby, Dr. Redd, Colonel Clerk, and Major Bigge. The two Scotch and two Indian servants, in their national costumes, were the objects of much curiosity. The party drove off in open carriages, the weather being fine. In the first carriage, drawn by four black horses, with outriders, sat the Queen and the Empress, with Princess Beatrice and the Crown Prince opposite them. The second, also with four horses, contained Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Hereditary Prince and Princess of Meiningen and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse and the suites followed, the carriages driving through Charlottenburg, where the streets were filled with an enthusiastic crowd, and the houses gaily decorated with flags, to the palace. Here the troops quartered in Charlottenburg, the Garde du Corps, and a battalion of the 4th Foot Guards, with black plumes on their helmets, were drawn up. The cortège stopped at the main entrance to the "Prince's wing" of the palace allotted to Queen Victoria during her stay. Two fusiliers of the Guard, in gala uniform, stood sentinel at the outer gate, and two soldiers of the Garde du Corps at the inner door. In the vestibule their Majesties were awaited by the Court Marshal, Prince Radolin, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Adjutant-General Von Winterfeld, and the chief ladies-in-waiting. The Crown Prince handed the Queen out of the carriage, and conducted her to her apartments, the Empress walking by her side, and the Court dignitaries in front. The Queen seemed not at all affected by the long journey from Florence to Charlottenburg. After a few minutes' rest, she was brought to the Emperor, who, after a satisfactory night, felt well. Indeed, the Queen was delighted with his appearance, which, she said, she found much better than she had expected. The meeting, which was deeply affecting, was made as short as possible, in order not to excite the Emperor, to whom the Queen paid a second short visit in the afternoon.

NEW ASSOCIATES OF ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. William Blake Richmond, son of Mr. George Richmond, R.A., was born in London, Nov. 29, 1843. He was a student of the Royal Academy, where he gained two prize silver medals in 1857. In 1860 he exhibited portraits of his two brothers. He travelled in Italy in 1859 and 1860, working at pictures which were not exhibited. In 1865 he was at Rome for some time, studying architecture, sculpture, fresco and distemper painting. Between that time and 1868 he painted his first important picture, "The Procession of Bacchus." In 1870 he settled in England, and has since produced, besides many portraits, works of high merit on classical themes. For the decoration of a gentleman's mansion, in 1873, he painted a series of frescoes illustrating "The Life of Woman." In the following year, his colossal picture of "Prometheus Bound" was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mr. W. B. Richmond, in successive autumn tours, has visited many places in Italy, Greece, and Egypt. Among his pictures exhibited at the Academy and at the Grosvenor Gallery are "Ariadne abandoned by Theseus," "Sarpdon carried off by Night and Death" (from Homer's Iliad), "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon," "Hercules releasing Prometheus," "The Ten Virgins," "An Audience at Athens," and "Hermes." In 1878 he was elected Slade Professor at Oxford, in the place of Mr. Ruskin; but retired a few years later, when Mr. Ruskin was re-elected. Mr. Richmond has had the honorary degree of M.A. conferred on him by that University. He is now engaged on a statue of a Greek shepherd, also on a picture of "Aphrodite and Anchises," a "Proserpine," "The Birth of Aphrodite," and several portraits.

Mr. Arthur William Blomfield, architect, fourth son of the Right Rev. C. J. Blomfield, Bishop of London, was born March 6, 1829; and was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1851, and M.A. in 1855. He is a Chevalier of the Order of the Dannebrog (Denmark), and an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Copenhagen; also Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He is architect to the Bank of England; to the cathedral churches of Chester and Salisbury, and to the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol; and Diocesan Architect for the Dioceses of Winchester and Ely.

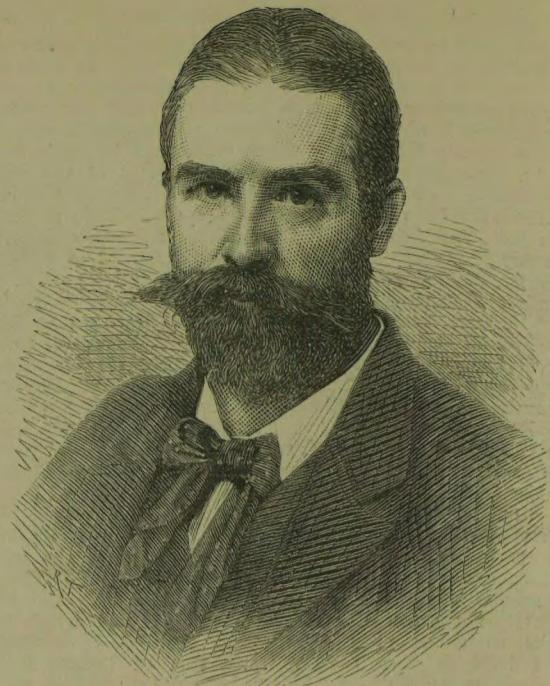
Mr. W. E. Onslow Ford, who was born July 27, 1852, studied at Antwerp and at Munich to become a painter. While at Munich he also, under the direction of Professor Wagmüller, modelled five busts; which was the only practice he had in modelling. He returned to England in 1874, and determined to devote himself to sculpture; he has exhibited every successive year since 1875. His most important work, "Peace," was exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. In the year before (1886), a statuette, "Folly," was purchased by the Royal Academy. Mr. Onslow Ford is at present occupied in executing a statue of General Gordon on a camel, to be erected at Chatham by the Royal Engineers.



MR. ARTHUR W. BLOMFIELD.

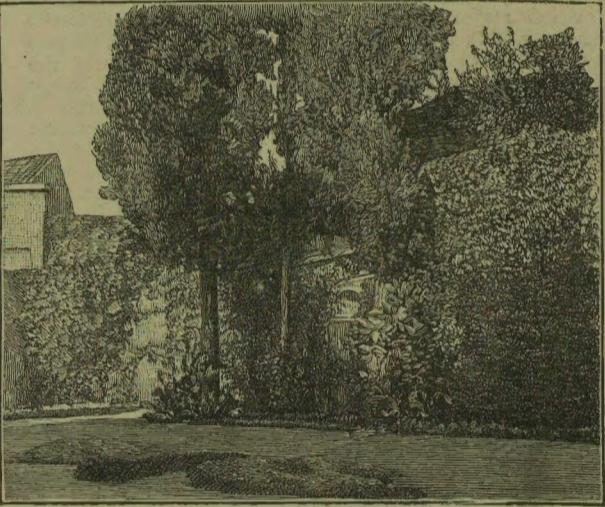
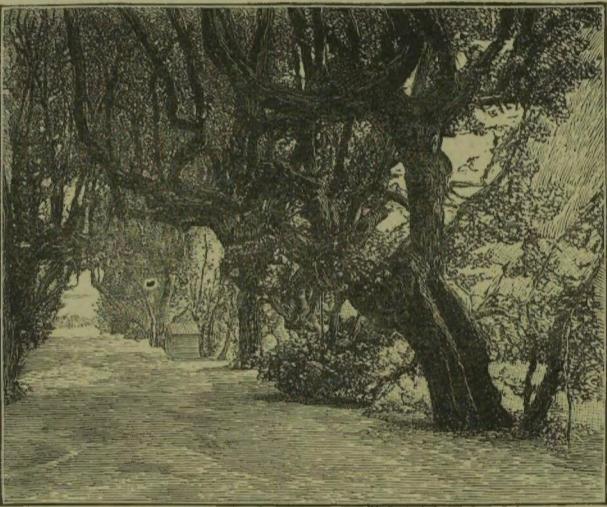
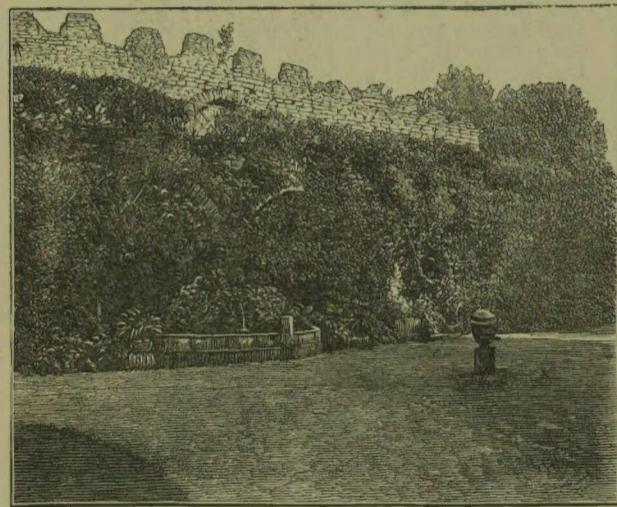


MR. W. B. RICHMOND.

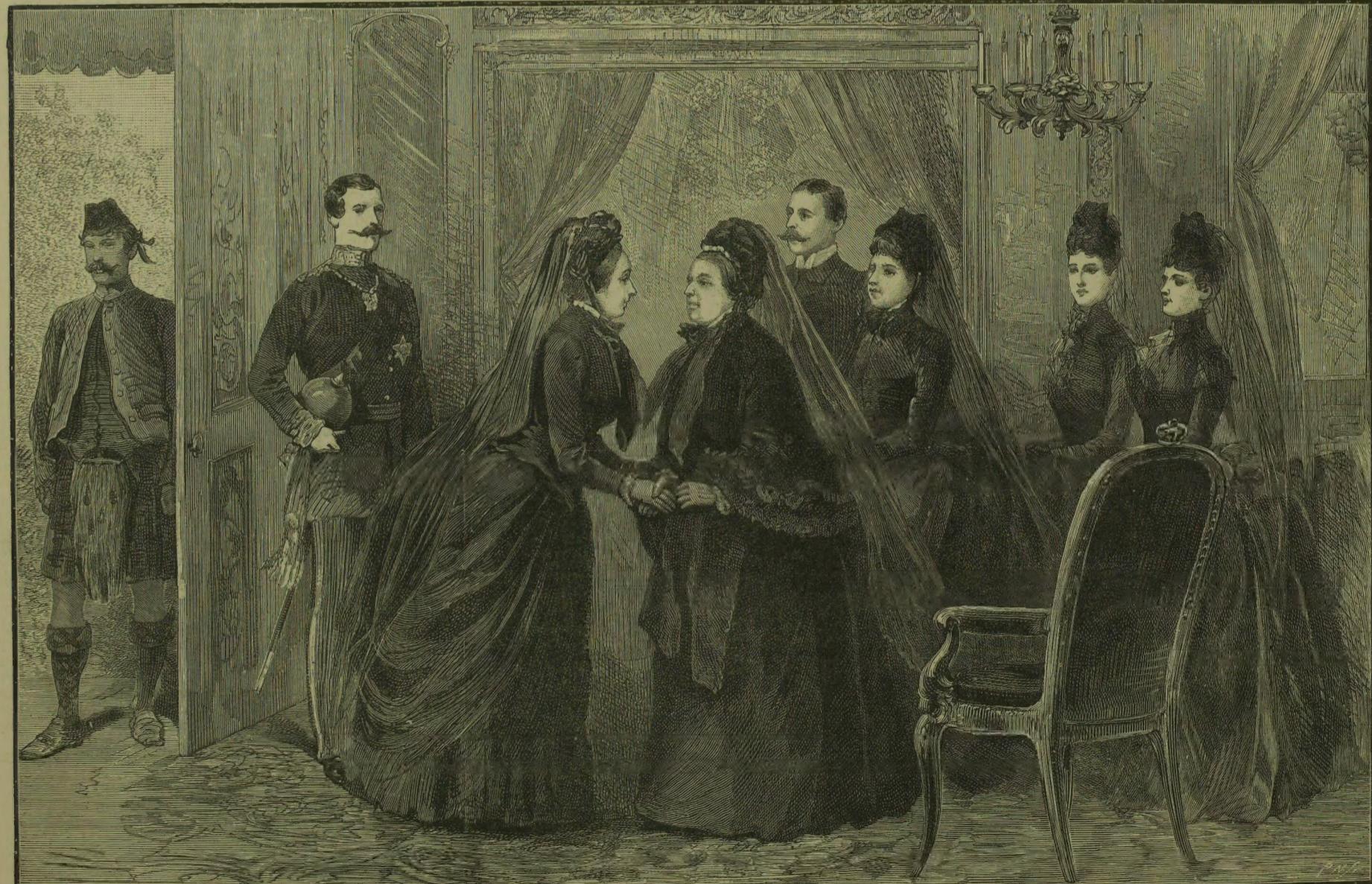


MR. W. E. ONSLOW FORD.

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



VIEWS IN THE GARDEN OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT ROME.



MEETING OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND QUEEN VICTORIA AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



ARRIVAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT CHARLOTTENBURG.
SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A compromise is very often a convenient thing. Let us suggest one. The matinée movement having been played out and generally voted detestable; the public having deliberately turned their backs on any matinées that are not repetitions of running plays and benefit performances; the managers having been taken in over and over again with indifferent works riotously applauded by a clique of friends; actors and actresses having worn themselves out and helped to ruin their style with these pot-boiling exhibitions—there is only one other person to be consulted. The ambitious author fights tooth and nail for the continuance of the test matinée. For the expenditure of about £100 he can have a theatre and engage people competent enough to gabble through his lines and invent business for his scenes, and can have the sublime impudence to invite the critics of the newspapers to sit out five acts of dreary rubbish on a sunshiny day, and positively charge them programme fees into the bargain. Three people are directly benefited by the test matinée nuisance—the manager, who scrapes up a bit of his rent; the refreshment contractor, who deliberately taxes everyone who enters the house with some fee—the programme fee being the worst, because how is it possible to criticise a play without seeing a programme?—and the author, who risks a comparatively small sum in order to win a far larger stake. This, then, is the compromise. Why not, instead of hacking out the diminutive talent of the hungry actors and actresses who want practice and pelf, get these wonderful new plays tested by one or other of the amateur societies that exist? At any rate, they would be conscientiously done; they would be carefully rehearsed and acted by those who have quite as much intelligence as nine-tenths of the third-rate artists who are dragged out continually at these matinées, showing the bad effect of careless and slovenly work.

A recent visit to the Philothesprians at St. George's Hall on the occasion of a memorable anniversary, when Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" was so well done, encouraged a further visit to an amateur society called the "Busy Bees," that, like the Philothesprians, has given to the stage several of our most promising young actors and actresses. The "Busy Bees" on the occasion of this last "swarm" at St. George's Hall played Mr. Hamilton's version of Ouida's "Moths," and showed some excellent material from which valuable actors and actresses are made. The society had secured the services of a clever young professional lady, Miss Houlston, to play Vera, and everything had been done by Mrs. Lennox Browne, the popular president, to show the earnestness, the industry, and the good taste of the association. But those who in old days associated amateur actors with much that is vain, self-confident, and irrepressible in human nature, must have been surprised to note the very welcome change. Mr. Frank Bacon, who played Lord Jura with so much ease and earnestness, could at once take his place on the regular stage. He has a good presence, a pleasant voice, and a very sympathetic style of acting, so much that it was a matter of surprise that so good an actor was not chosen for the lady-killing Corrèze, who was sadly misunderstood and unpersuasive. On an equal rank of excellence with Mr. Bacon, though in this case on a different platform, was Miss Margaret Brandon, the young lady who drew down such hearty applause when she appeared as Cynisca, and showed that she had both pathos and power. It is a far cry from Cynisca to Fuchsia Leech, from classicism to pure comedy; but once more Miss Brandon held her own and dominated the scene. The part of this talkative, good-hearted American girl can only presumably be played in one way. It appeals to the gallery. But, for all that, Miss Brandon was never familiar, never excessive, and did what so few Fuchsias do—avoided the slightest trace of vulgarity. The accent was well sustained, every line spoken with intention and effort, every speech was carefully considered, and each line went home. This young lady possesses a gift rarely encouraged on the regular stage. She feels her audience and communicates to them her personal magnetism. How few of our younger artists can hold an audience! They speak their words, but they must know that they are making no impression. It is a case of *vox et præterea nihil*. No one should be content to say one word on the stage that is not felt. Mr. Gordon Taylor is another intelligent young student apparently destitute of amateur pretension; and Mrs. Lennox Brown amiably appeared as Lady Dolly. The part of the vindictive Duchesse de Sonnez could not have been more vigorously and characteristically played than by Miss Hilda Abinger, a handsome young lady, with a good style and stage presence.

The allusion to this clever performance of Fuchsia Leech at the amateur society leads naturally to a subject inevitably suggested by witnessing "The Ironmaster," as revived so successfully at the St. James's Theatre. Is there not just now a tendency everywhere, except with old staggers, to underact—to suppress personal magnetism and to yield to the popular clamour for avoidance of what is called, wholesale and without reflection—exaggeration? The performance of Athénais by Miss Rose Murray in "The Ironmaster" is an instance of this low-toned art that appears to have its strenuous advocates. There is nothing more delightful than natural acting; but the whole scheme of acting must be on a broader scale than nature. It will not do to talk on the stage as in the drawing-room; to bring to the playhouse the wearisome depression of modern society; to believe that the aim and end of acting are to photograph the paltriness and unimaginative part of life. It is right, of course, to banish exaggeration from the stage; but is it well so systematically to avoid contrast? There is no stronger weapon in the hand of the dramatist than contrast. But how miserably he is served when, in the best scene of "The Ironmaster," in a scene written for contrast between two women—a contrast of character, a contrast of birth, a contrast of manners, a contrast of women's nature—we find the one woman merely the echo of the other, the wicked woman trying to be good, and the actress praised for her studious moderation—the very moderation, in fact, that makes the whole scene pointless! Both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are seen at their best in this play, and a marked improvement is found in the tone of Mr. Kendal's reading of Philippe Derblay. He is not nearly so monotonous as he used to be, and plays several scenes with true feeling and artistic expression. Mr. Mackintosh does not make a good, or even tolerable, Moulinet, and the Baron of Mr. Hendrie is a strangely ill-conceived performance; but the company still retains the valuable services of Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mr. Waring, and pretty Miss Blanche Horlock, and has been added to by the engagement of Mr. Lewis Waller, a young, promising, and sympathetic actor, who can have no better school than one presided over by Mr. Hare, who still hesitates to act, though so often asked to do so by his many friends and admirers.

The purpose of Mr. Walter Reynolds in suddenly starting a series of matinées at the Avenue to exploit a new drama, called "Church and Stage," is not very clear. It is an old-fashioned, crude, bombastic piece of work, quite unsuited to a London audience. At some small provincial town—where criticism is not very severe, and the taste not peculiarly educated—such a tawdry piece of dramatic work might pass

muster; but at the West-End of London it can only be laughed at, and treated as a joke. Nor is there much connection with the Church and the Stage so far as could be clearly seen. A frivolous, namby-pamby boy of a curate, who is always grinning at his own jokes, certainly does show some "calf-love" for a good-natured but vulgar little actress. But what deduction is supposed to be drawn from that? We conclude it is meant that the Church honours the Stage when its inane curates flirt with actresses. In this case, it is the actress who deserves commiseration; not the parson. The misery of sitting out such an entertainment on the first lovely spring afternoon of the year was in a measure relieved by the really excellent melodramatic acting of Miss Amy McNeill, a young lady of great talent, who ought not to escape the attention of managers. She has a charming style, and she is gaining strength in her work. It is an arduous character with which she was intrusted, and she did it ample justice. It is quite inexcusable that a management like that at the Avenue should levy a tax to pay for a programme from those whose opinions are asked on such plays as these. It is absolutely impossible to criticise a play without a programme, and on such occasions, common courtesy should present a bill of the play to the wretched victims of this intolerable matinée nuisance.

MUSIC.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The specialty of the summer (preceding that of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, next June) will be the opening of Mr. Augustus Harris's new operatic season at Covent-Garden Theatre, on May 14, when it is intended to give "Lucia di Lammermoor," with the débüt of Madame Melba in the title-character. Other first appearances here will be made during the season, which will include the return of artists who have already won more or less distinction on our Italian opera stage; the list including the names of Mesdames Alpani, Ella Russell, Valleria, Nordica, Minnie Hauk, Arnoldson, Fürsch-Madi, Scalchi, Trebelli, and Hastréiter; MM. Jean and Edouard De Reszé, Lassalle, Cotogni, Del Puente, Navarini, Ciampi, Novara, and others. Care has been bestowed in the selection of an efficient orchestra and chorus, additions being made to the latter on special occasions.

As at Mr. Harris's last year's operatic season at Drury-Lane Theatre, Signor Mancinelli will be the conductor, occasionally relieved by Mr. Raudegger; and Mr. Carrodus will be the leading and solo violinist. Novelty will not be the object of the scheme so much as the presentation of standard and popular works, with exceptionally strong casts, and those remarkable stage and scenic effects of which Mr. Harris is so consummate a master.

Miss Alice Gomes's concert at Prince's Hall, on April 26, included her own graceful singing, besides the co-operation of several eminent vocalists and instrumentalists. The concert-giver has established a position here that induces hopes for her return from her Indian home, which she is about to revisit.

An invitation concert was given at Grosvenor House on Saturday afternoon, April 28, by the "Popular Musical Union," this being the new name for the "Popular Ballad Association," which it is proposed to extend for the musical training and recreation of the industrial classes. The Popular Ballad Concert Committee began its operations in January, 1882, the object having been to give cheap high-class concerts in the townhalls of the East-End of London, the experiment having been successfully tried at the Victoria Coffee Hall, New-Cut, Lambeth. The financial success of the early years, however, has not of late been maintained, and it is sought to render the new association more independent than hitherto by a code of regulations which, among other features, proposes to establish a large body of honorary members at a yearly subscription of £1 1s., thus ensuring a known and settled income. The co-operation of an orchestra and a choir, and the establishment of classes for musical instruction, are prominent objects of the movement, specific information as to which may be obtained of the hon. treasurer, the Rev. S. A. Barnett, Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, E.; the hon. sec., Mrs. Ernest Hart, 38, Wimpole-street, W.; or at the offices of the secretary, Mr. J. S. Redmayne, B.A., 15, St. Mary's-square, Paddington, W. Mr. W. H. Thomas conducted the concert, which comprised some agreeable vocal and instrumental performances.

Mr. O. Bradley's concert of Brahms's music at Steinway Hall, on April 27, included his own pianoforte performances in portions of the first sonata, and in concerted pieces, in addition to some of the Liebeslieder waltzes for piano and voices, and other features; all drawn from the same source, and including the co-operation of several vocalists and instrumentalists. The occasion may have interested enthusiastic admirers of Brahms; but for a general audience lacked somewhat of variety.

The students' orchestral concert of the Royal Academy of Music, which took place on April 28, gave good evidence of the continued efficiency of the institution in the several branches of composition and vocal and instrumental performance. In the first respect, much promise was manifested in an orchestral idyll, entitled "Lancelot and Guinevere," by Mr. Anderton, and in vocal performances by Miss Haldane and Mr. Green, and by Mr. Gill as violoncellist, Miss S. Cocks as violinist, and Miss Buchanan and Mr. Kiver as pianists. Mr. Burnett was an efficient conductor. On the same date, Madame Frickenhaus maintained her high reputation as a sound classical pianist by her artistic rendering of a long and varied programme at her recital at Prince's Hall. On April 28 also the summer season at the Crystal Palace was heralded by a ballad concert, the programme of which comprised the names of several eminent vocalists, with the co-operation of chorus and orchestra conducted by Mr. Manns.

Mr. Theodore Werner gave the first of a series of three orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, April 30. A select band, under the direction of Mr. August Manns, gave effect to several orchestral pieces, opening with Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," after which Mr. Werner played Beethoven's violin concerto. The violinist possesses an agreeable if not very powerful tone, skilful and fluent execution; and generally, if not invariably, good intonation. His other chief displays were in a concerto by Vieuxtemps and a movement from one by Paganini. The second and third concerts take place on May 15 and 29.

Otto Hegner, the juvenile pianist who has recently acquired such just celebrity, gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, April 30. His several recitals have been duly noticed by us, as was his first performance here with an orchestra (at the Philharmonic concert of April 19). His second association with a full band again displayed his capacities in this respect by his successful rendering of Beethoven's first concerto and Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor, besides solo pieces. Mr. Cowen was the conductor.

A concert was given by the Royal Artillery Band at Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon, April 30, when the symphony composed by the conductor (Mr. Zavertal) was the

chief item of the programme. The merits of the work have already been recognised and commended, in reference to its recent performance at Woolwich, and they were again favourably evidenced on the occasion now referred to, as were also a "Chanson Arabe" and a "Pizzicato" by the same composer.

Mr. W. Carter's concert at the Royal Albert Hall on April 30 again included successful vocal performances by Nikita, and other attractive features contributed by eminent vocalists and instrumentalists, and Mr. Carter's choir.

The fourth of the present series of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society took place too late (on Thursday evening, May 3) for detailed notice until next week. The programme included the first appearance in England of Edward Grieg, and his performance of his own pianoforte concerto in A minor.

Mdlle. Juliette Folville claims attention in the triple capacity of pianist, violinist, and composer; her programme at her recital (announced for May 3 at Prince's Hall) having been framed to illustrate her acquirements in each respect. As the concert took place too late for present notice, we can only record the promises held out, which included the lady's performances in each of the capacities referred to, and specimens of her compositions.

Señor Sarasate—the eminent Spanish violinist—begins a series of four grand orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 5; Mr. W. G. Cusins being the conductor.

Miss Florence Menk-Meyer is to make her first appearance in England at Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon, May 7, when she will give a recital in which she claims recognition as a pianist and a composer for the instrument. The lady, who comes from Melbourne, has recently given a concert at Vienna, at which her powers in each capacity were displayed in a manner to elicit warm commendations from some influential journals.

On Monday, May 7, the Richter Concerts will begin a new season of nine performances, during which there will be little of novelty produced, but the programmes will be of rich and varied attraction.

The seventeenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society closed on Saturday afternoon, April 21, with a performance of "Elijah," as duly recorded—a supplemental concert being appointed for Tuesday afternoon, May 8, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," will be performed by command and in the presence of her Majesty.

On the following Friday afternoon, May 11, Mr. Charles Hallé will inaugurate a new series of his excellent chamber music concerts at St. James's Hall.

Madame Marie Roze, it seems, will not leave England so soon as was intended for her tour round the world. She has lately been playing in Edinburgh, with great success, some of her principal characters, and will, we believe, in September join a concert party in the provinces.

We may again refer to the forthcoming festival of that excellent institution, the Royal Society of Musicians, the 150th occasion of which takes place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, May 8, when the Lord Mayor will preside.

Another endeavour to utilise the Alexandra Palace will be made on Saturday, May 12, when the first of a series of concerts will be given with full band and chorus and eminent solo vocalists.

ART JOURNALS.

The May number of the *Art Journal* is certainly above its usual average; the frontispiece, in particular—a clever etching, by M. Brunet Debaines, of Trafalgar-square—is deserving of notice. The most interesting feature of this issue is a paper by Miss Alice Meynell, on the wonderful French tragédienne, Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The great actress, with her many-sided artistic talents, is always a picturesque subject; and her strong dramatic instinct has induced her to form for herself a background which shall emphasise the remarkable impression those talents have made upon the public mind. The sketches of Madame Bernhardt's studio show us, indeed, a charming workshop, full of interesting and beautiful relics; and it is there that, in the intervals of her more serious study, the actress pursues the vocations of sculptor and painter. The notice of the Dyce and Forster Collections, at the South Kensington Museum, calls our attention to art-treasures in the possession of the nation which are a little liable to be overlooked, among them some most interesting portraits and portrait-sketches, several of which Mr. Sketchley attaches to his article. The head of Mrs. Siddons—said to be by an unknown painter, but probably Lawrence—is of especial beauty. Continued from last month are the "Notes on Japan and its Art-Wares," by Mr. M. B. Huish, which, as Japan is occasioning so much notice just now, from an artistic point of view, is extremely well-timed.

The *Magazine of Art* for the current month devotes several pages to an account of the great Alsatian painter, Jean Jacques Henner, one of the most distinguished, and, unfortunately, in England, one of the least known, of living artists. Although M. Henner has painted a good many portraits, several of which are reproduced in this article, he is not by any means purely a portrait-painter, as he is best known for his decorative and poetical mythological subjects. "Byblis changée en Source," a lovely nude study, is one of the first of a series of triumphs achieved by this great colourist. Mr. George Clausen contributes an able reply to the protest of Sir James Linton and of M. Chesneau on the falling off in modern English art, and explains the reason of the defection from England to Paris of so many of our young artists. An amusing gossip on Christie's sale-rooms, by Mr. M. H. Spielman, describes an important phase of artist-life; and Mr. Peter Macnab's paper on an Academy critic of a hundred years ago, the celebrated "Peter Pindar," the witty author of "The Lyric Odes" to the Royal Academicians, is a welcome reminiscence in these days of dreary platitudes in art-criticism.

In the United Kingdom 283,305 births and 198,091 deaths were registered in the three months ending March 31, 1888.

Mr. Annesley, solicitor, St. Albans, has been appointed Registrar of the St. Albans County Court and a clerk to the Justices of the St. Albans Division of Hertfordshire, in succession to Mr. Isaac Newton Edwards, resigned.

Sir William Dunbar, the Comptroller-General of her Majesty's Exchequer and Auditor-General of Public Accounts has, owing to failing health, resigned his office, after presiding over the Exchequer and Audit Department for twenty-three years.

One of the most significant signs of the great improvement in the Emperor Frederick's condition is the fact that his Majesty recently read, for the first time for a fortnight, using a literary machine, for patients lying in bed, which the Empress had ordered from the inventor, Mr. John Carter, of New Cavendish-street.

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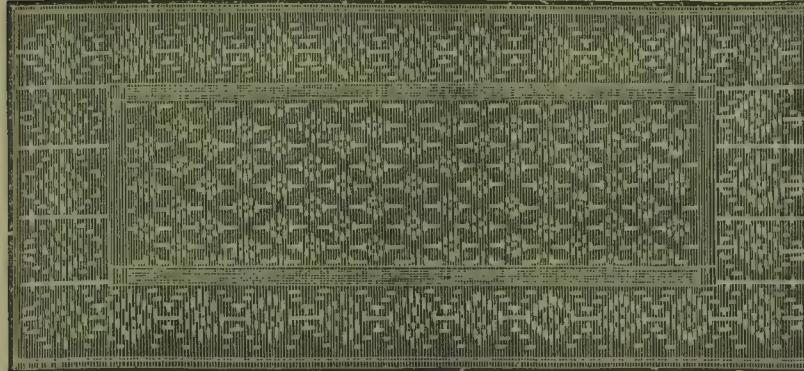
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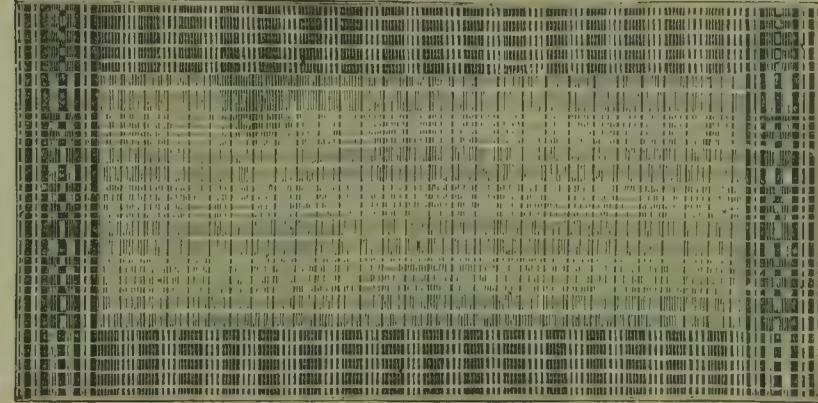
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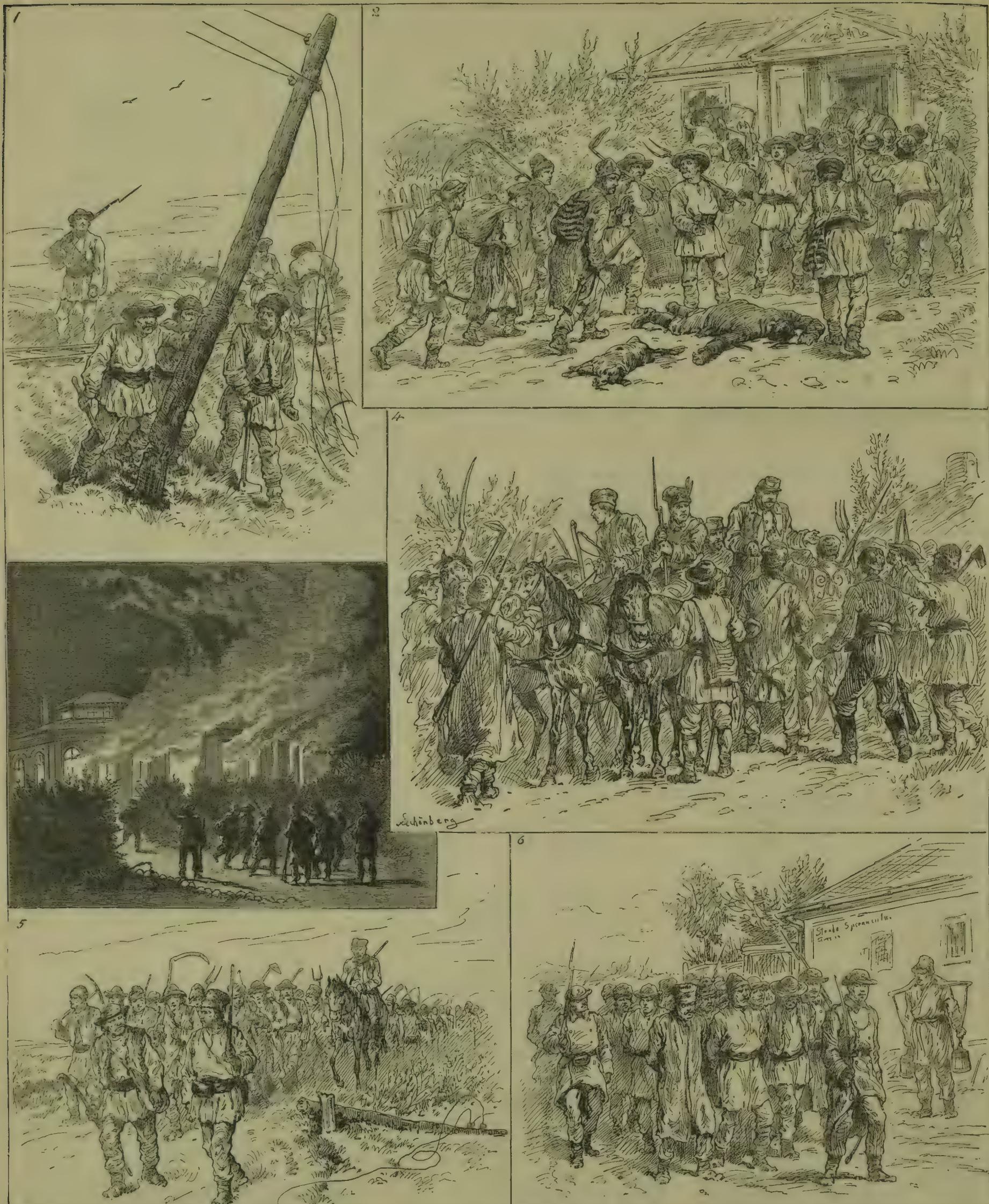
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1. Peasants destroying the railway and telegraph wires.

2. Murder of a wealthy farmer, and pillaging his house.

3. Burning of houses on Prince Ghika's estate.

4. Peasants surrounding officers sent to restore order.

5. Five hundred armed peasants marching to Kalarash.

6. Gendarmes bringing in prisoners.

THE AGRARIAN RIOTS IN ROUMANIA.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

The outbreak of fierce and destructive violence among the peasantry in several districts of the Kingdom of Roumania, in the middle of April, is ascribed not to political agitation, or to Russian intrigue, like the preceding election riots at Bucharest, but to distress and consequent desperation. The peasants gave a sad account of their condition. They said they had not enough to eat or to feed the oxen with which they plough. They had suffered extreme hardships during the intense cold of the last three months. The hay crop, as well as, the maize, had been destroyed by the heat of the previous summer; nevertheless, the large farmers and officials, especially the former, continued their exactions and would give them no relief. What they wanted, was a small portion of land for each, on which they might maintain themselves, or at least a restitution of the rights of common pasture that they formerly enjoyed, and a remission of certain taxes. The revolt was mainly confined to districts east and south-east of the capital; and, though the

mot d'ordre was undoubtedly passed from village to village, the want of simultaneity shows an absence of preconcerted action. After a week of outrages and conflicts, the Government was of opinion that the worst was over, and that order would soon be restored. But it is certain that the rebellion had, on April 17, assumed a serious aspect. The important town of Kalarash was completely in the power of the insurgents. An encounter occurred between them and the troops, and, according to official accounts, three peasants were killed and five wounded. The soldiers did their best, and, by volley firing, quelled them for a time; but it was found necessary to send a special train from Bucharest with 400 soldiers to Kalarash, which was declared to be in a state of siege. Bands of peasants were brought in as prisoners, their hands tied behind their backs, and were imprisoned in barracks outside the town. During several days the rebels continued to pillage the houses of the well-to-do, and to murder their occupants when these

resisted, also destroying the railway lines and plundering the trains. Military arsenals and store-houses in various parts of the country were sacked by the infuriated peasants, who possessed themselves of the arms and ammunition. The panic had spread all over the country, not only among the land-owning and farming classes, but among the inhabitants of the towns. On the estate of Prince Ghika, President of the Senate, a very serious riot occurred. The peasants endeavoured to break into the manor-house, but being foiled by the iron shutters, burned four farm-houses to the ground. At a village close to Bucharest, within a mile of the Vicaresti prison, the peasants revolted, sacked the houses of two farmers, and completely destroyed one of them. Additional troops have been summoned from the Dobrudja to cross the Danube and remain to assist in quelling the insurrection. The military cordon around Bucharest has been increased, and it is hoped that these outrages will not be renewed.



THE BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, OPENED MAY 5: BRITISH SECTION.

THE INVICTA CHANNEL STEAM-BOAT.

An accident, which has proved, happily, less disastrous than was thought for some days, occurred on Monday, April 23, to the mail-packet *Invicta*, one of the London and Chatham Company's fleet of steamers, running between Dover and Calais. The *Invicta*, one of the fastest and best boats in the service, was taking her turn in running the Brussels express, or mid-day service between London, Paris, and Brussels. She crossed from Dover to Calais at mid-day, and after the arrival of the Brussels and Paris mail-trains, a little before four o'clock, proceeded with 143 passengers and the mails to steam out of the harbour. She had only just cleared the mouth of the harbour when she took the ground, and every effort of the captain and his crew to move her was unsuccessful. The vessel had struck upon the sand bar which forms rapidly along the shore with an easterly wind. The tide had not been long flowing, and as it rose she drifted further in-shore and to the westward. Fortunately there was very little wind; but a rolling sea was on, and it broke through some of the port-holes on the starboard side and dashed over the deck, making it very uncomfortable for the passengers. Several attempts were made by the mail-packet *Wave* to tow the vessel off. A life-boat belonging to the *Invicta* and containing five of her crew was overturned by the sea while they were rowing with a tow-rope to the *Wave*. Life-buoys and lines were thrown from the ship, but unfortunately one man was drowned. Shortly after midnight, the tide left the vessel sufficiently to enable the passengers to walk ashore across the sand, a mile or a mile

and a half, to another steamer, and this conveyed them in safety to Dover. Steam-tugs were dispatched from Dover with fatigue parties, and efforts were made to tow the vessel off as soon as she had been overhauled. She was lying a long way in, and rolled about a good deal on the sand. At last, on Sunday, April 29, the *Invicta* was got off and floated, and it was found that she had sustained no material damage. She was towed into the harbour, and would be able, in a few days, to recommence her ordinary trips between Dover and Calais.

A collision occurred off the Isle of Wight on April 28 between the British steamer *Moto*, from Bilbao for Newcastle, and the British ship *Smyrna*, from London for Sydney, which sank at once, and twelve of her crew were drowned. The remaining eighteen were landed at Southampton by the *Moto*, which was damaged in the bows.

At a meeting at Plymouth of the committee appointed to arrange for the forthcoming Armada tercentenary demonstration it was announced that the Duke of Norfolk has consented to become president, on condition that politics and religion were ignored in the celebration, since he could not participate in any individual glorification of Queen Elizabeth or anything tending to a triumph of Protestantism. A resolution was passed assuring his Grace that nothing of the kind was intended, and he was elected president, on the specific understanding that the celebration should be conducted on national and unsectarian lines.

BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The complete opening of this Exhibition by the King of the Belgians is deferred to June 1, the Exhibition Park only, with some of the outer buildings, which have now received their allotted contents, being opened on Saturday, May 5, by the Count of Flanders and the Brussels Municipality. The British Section, however, by the energetic management of Mr. S. Lee Bapty, Commissioner-General, and of an Executive Committee presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, the Right Hon. Polydore De Keyser, a native of Belgium, is already prepared for visitors. It occupies, as shown in our Illustration, an excellent and unique position in the best part of the Exhibition grounds; and it will serve to illustrate, as fully as the space admits, the vast and various resources of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire, while the arrangement is such as to direct particular attention to those products which are suitable for the Belgian market. We shall have future opportunities of describing this great Exhibition, which is of much commercial importance, and should attract large numbers of English visitors to Brussels from June to October. It is situated in the old Champ de Mars, one of the best positions in Brussels, and the grounds extend nearly a hundred acres. His Majesty King Leopold II. is patron of the Exhibition; his Royal Highness the Count of Flanders is honorary President; the Burgomaster of Brussels presides over the Executive Committee; and Count D'Outremont acts as Commissary-General for the Belgian Government. The London offices are at 3, Victoria-street, City.



THE CHANNEL STEAM-BOAT INVICTA ASHORE ON CALAIS SANDS.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 1.

The political week has, as usual, been agitated by Boulangism. There have been manifestations of small gravity in various towns in the provinces; at Paris, the presence of the General at a banquet at the Café Riche on Friday attracted many thousands of people to the Boulevard, and, after the banquet, M. Paul Déroulde and the deputies Susini and Le Hérisson were arrested for crying "Vive Boulanger!" This incident, however, has yet had no consequences.

President Carnot returned to-day from his visit to Limoges, Bordeaux, and Rochefort, where he has been, on the whole, well, though not enthusiastically, received. M. Carnot's person is not imposing; his oratory does not carry away the crowd; he is lacking in prestige. Nevertheless, the numerous marks of respect that have been shown him, and the rareness of the cries of "Vive Boulanger!" or "Vive l'Empereur!" along his route may be taken as showing that the Republic is not yet at an end in France, or Parliamentarianism either.

The Chamber and Senate have adjourned until May 15. The last act of the Chamber was to authorise the Panama Canal Company to issue 600,000,000 of lottery bonds on the condition that the bonds bear the words, "without guarantee of the Government."

A fatal duel took place on April 29, in the Bois de Boulogne, between two painters—M. Félix Dupuis, aged fifty-six, and M. Félix Habert, aged forty-nine. The two men were friends, and the quarrel between them literally grew out of a criticism of a miserable sonnet. The combat was with pistols, at twenty-five paces; and at the first shot M. Dupuis fell, and died instantly, with a bullet in the abdomen. This tragic, and at the same time absurd, affair is causing much talk, and sufficiently illustrates the foolishness of this French custom of duelling over trifles. In this case, however, the seconds were evidently to blame. Men fight with pistols in two cases—either when they wish to kill each other, or when they do not wish to hurt each other. In the latter case, when it is understood that a duel is not to be serious, the seconds are accustomed to overcharge the pistols, which inevitably causes the bullet to deviate, however well a man may aim. In the duel of Sunday, the seconds did not overcharge the pistols, although evidently the principals did not wish to kill each other. But, in all circumstances, what a silly practice this duelling is!

The fame of Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere" has reached Paris. M. Scherer, the eminent critic, contrasts these three volumes of the religious experience of a clergy as a subject for a novel with the eternal sameness of the French novel based on the incidents and consequences of adultery. M. Scherer finds Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Nineteenth Century* interesting for the new light that it throws on the intellectual constitution of a man to whom history will give a large place. "We have rarely seen," says M. Scherer, "the combination of such greatness and such littleness, a statesman at the same time wary and rash, a learned man devoid of critical sense, a mind anxious to keep run of everything and remaining nevertheless a stranger to the real movement of ideas, a mixture of boldness and prejudice, of subtlety and heaviness, of strength and debility, in the order of thought a schoolman, and in politics a revolutionary."

The third volume of the "Journal des Goncourt" (1 vol., Charpentier) has just appeared. This section of the diary covers four years, 1866-1870; and, like the preceding volumes, it contains notes, impressions, and conversations jotted down day by day, forming a sort of kaleidoscope, in which we see all the eminent men of letters and artists of the end of the

Second Empire—Flaubert, Gautier, Gavarni, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Renan, Dumas père, Dumas fils. It is a wonderful book, but remarkably misanthropic, which is not remarkable when we remember that these years were the end of a decadent régime and the end of a literary generation.

M. Henri Meilhac, the writer of comedies and collaborator of Ludovic Halévy, has been elected member of the French Academy, to succeed the late Eugène Labiche. Out of the forty immortals, eleven are play-writers—namely, Camille Doucet, Legouvé, Augier, Feuillet, Pailleron, Dumas, Sardou, Coppée, Halévy, Claretie, and Meilhac. This fact is an indication of the relative importance of dramatic literature in France.

T. C.

The Emperor Frederick's health is improving, though slowly and with fluctuations.

The King of the Netherlands has appointed Baron Schimpffenenck Van der Oye (Anti-Liberal) President of the Upper Chamber of the States-General.

The Emperor of Austria was present at the annual spring review of the troops stationed in and around Vienna, on the Schmelz Plain, near Schönbrunn, his Majesty praising their excellent bearing. The Empress Elisabeth and Archduchess Valerie returned to Vienna on April 30, after an absence of six weeks. They have taken up their residence for the present at the Imperial château near Vienna. The Crown Princess Stéphanie also arrived, after being away two months on the shores of the Adriatic.—The Lower House of the Reichsrath at Vienna, and the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet have passed the Ministerial Bill authorising the calling out of the reserves in exceptional circumstances. The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet adopted the new Army Bill by 167 votes to 48, in the form proposed by the Government.

President Cleveland has appointed Mr. Melville W. Fuller Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the Dominion House of Commons on April 27 Sir Charles Tupper delivered his Budget speech. He stated that the estimated deficit of the last fiscal year of 300,000 dols. had been turned into a surplus of over 97,000 dols., that the yield from the Customs during the present fiscal year to date was 227,000 dols. less than in the same period of the last fiscal year, that the revenue from the Excise duties would show an increase, and that the revenue and expenditure would about balance. In the Dominion House of Commons on May 1 Sir Charles Tupper gave notice of the introduction of a resolution authorising the Government to borrow a sum not exceeding 25,000,000 dols., in order to pay off the floating indebtedness of Canada, and to carry on authorised public works, at a rate of interest not to exceed 4 per cent.

Mr. Kruger has been re-elected President of the Transvaal by an overwhelming majority.

BIRTH.

On March 5, at San Francisco, Pisagno, Chile, the wife of Francis Brunel Hawes, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On April 30, at Duloch, Fifeshire, by the Rev. Paton John Gloag, D.D., of Galashiels, Lieutenant-General Archibald Robertson Gloag, Royal Artillery (retired), and of the Inner Temple, second son of the late Captain John Gloag, Bombay Army, to Anne Agnes, second daughter of James T. Smith, of Duloch.

DEATH.

On April 18, at Bryanston-street, London, W., Lieutenant Edgar Augustus Oldham, 8th Hussars. Indian papers please copy.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

ART BOOKS.

To students as well as to professional men, Mr. Edward S. Morse's *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) will be a mine of information and useful hints. The book, written by the director of the Peabody Academy of Science, shows to what practical purpose he had turned his prolonged sojourn at the University of Tokio. By his help and guidance, whilst apparently only reading about measurements, furniture, and fittings, we obtain a glimpse of Japanese domestic life, different from, and more intimate than, any similar work. Mr. Morse starts with the somewhat surprising announcement that the Japanese have no architecture. Tradition still speaks of the castles of the old Daimios, and here and there a temple is distinguished by its exterior from the simplicity of the surrounding buildings; but the castles are now heaps of ruins and the temples only copies from the Chinese. The Japanese are, by instinct, joiners—not masons. For them a house is a mere collection of rooms, of which the size even is determined by the requirements of its occupants. The substitution of shifting panels for swing doors, enables the householder to enlarge his rooms at will; whilst the simple method of building admits of the constant enlargement in proportion to his needs. In the first instance, the periodic recurrence of earthquakes and typhoons, doubtless had much to do in determining the domestic architecture of Japan, whilst at a later date, the danger from fire in the large centres of population strengthened the popular preference for houses which could be promptly removed from the "fire-path." Mr. Morse, however, is careful to prove to us that the exterior of Japanese houses may be, and often is, rendered attractive by their high-pitched roofs, their latticed windows, and airy verandahs. For the most part they consist of one storey only; but two-storeyed houses are common enough—especially in the towns. The porch is nearly always a feature of interest; and, if we may judge from the bamboo and other palisades by which the houses are so frequently surrounded, we may gather that the rights of private property are not strictly observed by all classes of the Japanese community. The number of rooms in a house varies with the requirements of its owner. Mr. Morse gives the ground plans of several houses, showing the arrangement of the guest-room, which is a feature in the houses of the wealthy. After discoursing learnedly but pleasantly, upon Japanese homes, Mr. Morse goes on to tell us a good deal about the tea-rooms and kitchens, the screens, the curtains, the baths, and, above all, the quaint, artificial, little gardens which every Japanese likes to have within sight of the verandah in which he takes his ease. The book is admirably illustrated from beginning to end; and the descriptions are so lucid and complete that few can fail to obtain from this most useful volume a distinct idea of the everyday life of the most interesting of all Oriental peoples.

It is one of the many merits of Mr. Eyre Pascoe's *London of To-Day* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) that each year's publication bears evidence to each year's changes. To the denizen of London, this handy volume will reveal many objects of interest which he has passed unnoticed for many years; to the occasional visitor it will teach how to make the most of his time, and, we may even add, the most of his money. Mr. Pascoe discourses learnedly of hotels, boarding-houses, and lodgings; of restaurants and taverns; of amusements for every day of the week, including Sundays (*pace Episcoporum*); of old streets and new customs; and proves that, after all, life may be worth living, even by those with limited means, if only their aspirations are not limitless. For all classes of pleasure-seekers Mr. Pascoe will prove a valuable and intelligent guide to London of to-day.

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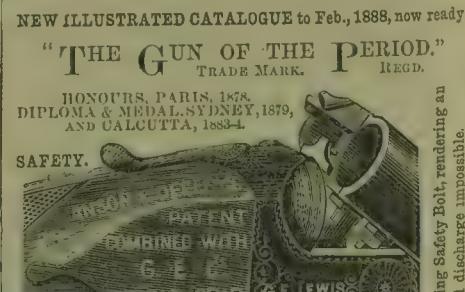
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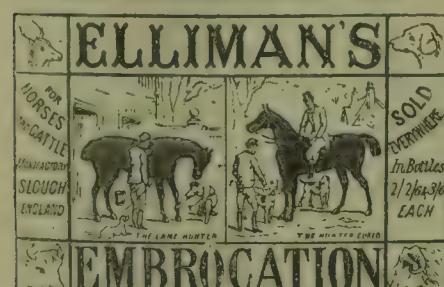


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BE MINE AGAIN Milton Welling.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS F. H. Cowen.

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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.
BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's-wool,
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger;
With store of ale, too,
And this ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger."

"Is he one of the distresses you have suffered from, and would rather now be free from?" one asks, in a general kind of way.

"Certainly not. I liked him very well—I liked him very well indeed. But if he comes back now, it will be with a difference. Things have got altered somehow—don't you feel that? This hardly seems the same boat that used to lose itself in the middle of the Thames, with everybody trying different kinds of poles. Doesn't it feel a long time since then? And even since Mr. Duncombe left us? Why, that was only the other day, as you might call it;

"Is it an expensive book?"

"I don't know; perhaps eight or ten shillings. But if you mean buying it, it is a bulky thing to carry about."

"I could cut out the pages I want. I should like to see all that Colonel Cameron has done—a list of the engagements he has been in, because—because naturally it is interesting, when you are meeting anyone from day to day—well, you want to know all about him."

"And who told you that Sir Ewen Cameron was in 'Men of the Time'?"

"Your wife. I was asking her what battles he had been in; and she said I ought to look there!"

"Why not ask himself?"

"Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't do that!" she exclaimed—and then she suddenly ceased, for at this moment the door was opened, and here was the tall, sandy-haired Colonel himself, looking very smart and fresh, and with a cheerful "Good-morning!" on his lips. Nor was Miss Peggy much confused; no—she frankly gave him her hand; and there was a smile on her face as she returned his greeting, and inquired if he had heard any tidings of breakfast.

We passed most of that morning in Tewkesbury—having got ashore and clambered up the steep, ruddy, slippery bank, and thence made our way into the town. We crossed the Avon—not running red with blood, as the chroniclers say it did after the memorable battle of some four hundred years ago, but running yellow in spate, with the recent heavy rains. And when we got into the quiet, wide-streeted town, we saw further evidence of the floods that had visited the valley of the Severn; for along the pavements the people were busy pumping out the coffee-coloured water that had submerged their cellars and kitchens. Some of those old houses looked unstable enough already—their projecting upper storeys apparently like to topple down on the heads of the passers-by; but perhaps the people of Tewkesbury—which is built at the confluence of three rivers and several brooks—are used to this sapping of foundations. Queen Tita asked of her young friend to point out which of these ancient tenements was the scene of the murder of the young Prince Edward (they say his blood still stains the floor), but Miss Peggy answered that she had not been reading up her English history that morning; she had been imparting wisdom, she said.

And yet, when we had got along to the Abbey Church, and were within stone's throw of the Bloody Meadow, as the place is called to this day, she showed herself sufficiently interested. Mere recitals of battles and sieges she did not heed much; but a personal and dramatic incident could immediately enchain her attention, especially if it was connected with anything she could actually see. Was it, then, to this very gateway now before her that the Abbot—interrupted in his celebration of the mass by the wild battle without—had come, bearing the Host in his hands, and forbidding Edward and his victorious followers to enter, until the King had sworn to spare the lives of the defeated Lancastrians, who had fled for safety into the sacred building? And was it up between these massive Norman pillars that the King and his soldiers and the monks marched to the high altar singing their thanks to Heaven for the great victory, while the slaughter of the fugitives was still going on outside the walls? Silent enough now was this solemn nave—our footfalls on the stone the only sound. And the good folk of Tewkesbury have got a race-course quite close to the Bloody Meadow—where the Avon and Severn join.

When we got back to the Nameless Barge, all available poles, spars, and oars were called into requisition, for now we had to cast her loose upon the wide and flooded river, in order to get her over to the tow-path side. But by dint of much indiscriminate paddling (we had neither rowlocks nor thole-pins, and it was difficult to get a purchase on the water from any part of the boat) we eventually got her across and under the bridge; then we had the horse hitched to again; and away we went down stream once more. It was a landscape-artist's day—bright, breezy, and changeful; with sudden bursts of sunlight touching here and there and widening out over field and grove; the atmosphere singularly clear, and yet lending itself to tender hues of grey and lilac and silver in the far distance. Then this noble river seemed to grow more and more beautiful—when we had passed the town and the race-course, and were making rapid way southward. The country seemed to grow more and more rich and bountiful; there were parks and woods and stately mansions; and all these shining in this vivid light—indeed, there was one green slope the elms on the summit of which threw almost black shadows, so keen was the glare. And then, again, a pale network of cloud would partially veil the sun; and all the colours around us would grow quieter in tone, though they were none the less harmonious; and when one looked at the yellow rippling river, the wooded banks, the lush green meadows, perhaps here or there a bit of a red roof peeping through the trees, perhaps the grey tower of a church crowning some windy height—well, then, if we had found in a corner of this composition the signature *Alfred Parsons, pinxit*, we should hardly have been surprised.

We found the Severn a busy river, too; and we had quite sufficient occupation in getting our awkward vessel past the successive strings of barges that were being brought up by

and yet it all seems cut off and distant somehow. I believe it was the tunnels did it."

"Did what?"

"Why, since we came through those tunnels, we seem to have come into another world altogether. Everything is different—the landscape is different!"

"Are the people different?"

"I don't know," she says reflectively; "but I seem to feel a different kind of atmosphere around us somehow. Don't you think it will sound odd to hear Mr. Duncombe, if he comes back, talking about theatres, and comedies, and magazine articles? The critics, too—they have been let alone for such a long time: I wonder if he will have any new grievance against them when he comes back. Yes, it will be different!"

One could perceive in a vague way what she meant, though her speech was not very precise.

"But don't you want to hear what has been going on in town—what new books are being talked about—and new plays?"

Miss Peggy lifts her eyes for a moment.

"Don't you think," she says, with a little hesitation, "that he is interested in rather small things? To write a comic piece for a theatre—that isn't a great ambition, is it?"

"It is a harmless laugh, surely."

"Oh, yes. You laugh at the moment, and forget. But these are not the things that remain in the mind. Sometimes I almost wish that Colonel Cameron had not repeated that ballad of 'Gordon of Brackla'; if I happen to lie awake at night, it comes into my head—I seem to hear the very tones he used—and it makes me shiver; it is so terrible a story. And yet I am quite sure that the interpretation you and he put on it is wrong. I don't believe the wife taunted her husband, and sent him out to fight, with the notion that he would be killed, and that then she would marry the other one—fierce Inverey. I don't think that was it at all. I believe she was convinced that her husband could fight against any odds, and would return victorious. That was a great deal more likely—she was the wife of a man renowned for his bravery!"

"My dear young lady, that is a very charitable construction; but what are you to make of her conduct after her husband was slain?"

'A bridegroom young Inverey stood by her side
She feasted him there as she ne'er feasted lord,
Though the bluid o' her husband was red on his sword.'

"Ah, but that was to make sure!" says Miss Peggy, with a kind of proud air. "If she had tried to defend the castle, Inverey would have burned it down, and killed her, and she would have lost her revenge. No; she had to pretend to make friends; and then there was a wedding; and in the middle of the feast she watched her chance—and stabbed him. That was the end of it—then or thereafter: I am certain."

"And a very dramatic ending, too."

"Well," she continues, "I wish I dared ask Colonel Cameron to write out that ballad for me."

"Dare! That is an odd kind of word. Why, he'll be delighted."

"Will you ask him for me?"

"Certainly not. Ask him for yourself. Do you think he will bite?"

"And why is he called Colonel?" she demands, with unreasoning petulance. "Why isn't he a Major, or Captain, or General—I wouldn't mind what it was—but Colonel!"

"You are a little too familiar with the title on your side of the water?"

"And you know how that is?" she says instantly. "No, you don't. I can see you don't. Well, I will tell you. You're always calling me a schoolgirl, but there are lots of things I can teach you!"

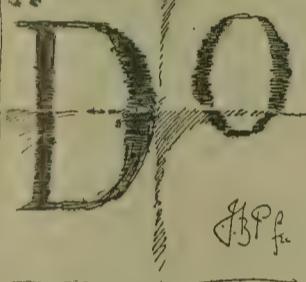
"No doubt."

"The reason we have so many Colonels in America," she remarks, with an oracular air, "is simply this—that at the end of our war all the survivors were raised to that rank. That was what a grateful country did. That is what I call true gratitude. What they did with people above that rank, I don't know; but all the rest were made Colonels. What do you do at the end of one of your wars?"

"We haven't time to do anything before another has begun."

"Then your soldiers get plenty of chances. Say, do you think I could get a copy of 'Men of the Time' over there in Tewkesbury?" asks this persistent questioner.

"You would be more likely to get it in Gloucester."



you know what true wisdom is?"

"No."

"Would you like to be told?"

"Yes."

"Then I will tell you," says this most amiable and obliging Philosopher (whose brown hair, by-the-way, invariably looks prettiest in the sunlight; and on this joyous morning all the wide Severn valley is shining

clear). "I will tell you," she says blandly (though her eyes would seem to be chiefly engaged with the fair landscape all around her—the broad stream quivering in light, the ruddy banks hanging in foliage, the wide meadows, the ethereal blue hills at the horizon, and one distant black cloud from which descend streaks of grey, showing that away over there they are having a summer shower to slake the thirsting leaves). "True wisdom consists in recollecting how well off you are. It sounds simple, doesn't it? Yet people never do it. It's only their miseries they pay any heed to. The toothache, or an overcharged bill, or an ill-fitting dress will vex them beyond anything; but when they don't have these worries or any other, they forget to be grateful. They don't realise their good fortune. They don't reflect how glad they ought to be that at the present moment there isn't a bit of dust in their eye, and that their boots aren't pinching their toes, and that they are not crossing the English Channel in rough weather. You know what the physiologists say—that when you are not conscious of having any body at all—when you don't seem to be aware that you have got a head or a hand or a foot—then everything is going well, and you are in perfect health: you know that?"

"I've heard something of the kind."

"But people in that happy condition never think of congratulating themselves!" she says. "They take it all as a matter of course; they forget how lucky they are. When they have rheumatism, they make a mighty fuss; but when they haven't it, they don't recollect that it's a very nice thing to be able to walk, or move your arms, just as you please. Now, that is true wisdom—to remember how well off you are—and how many ailments you might have, and haven't—and to be very grateful and thankful and contented."

"Yes, Miss Marcus Aurelius, that is all very well—for you," one says to her. "You ought to be content, certainly. Look at your position. You are young—you are passably good-looking!"

"I thank you," she says, in her cool American way.

"—you have excellent health and spirits—you have an abundance of friends and well-wishers—you have nothing in the world to do but look pretty and please people. It would be a singular thing if you were not well content. You would be as unreasonable as the man in the ancient legend whose wife said to him, 'Well, Jim, you beat anything. You were drunk on Sunday night and you were drunk on Monday night; you were drunk on Wednesday night, and here you're drunk again on Friday night—that's already four nights in the week; and still you're grumbling! What more would you like? Would you like to be an angel?'"

"Ah, I see I can't make you understand," she says. "It isn't at all being merely content; you should make yourself happy by thinking of the various anxieties and ailments and distresses that you have suffered from or might suffer, and that you are now free from: it isn't content, it is congratulation. When I came outside this morning, and looked at the beautiful country all around, and breathed the delicious air—well, I don't know how to explain it—there was such a delight—and the only grievance I could invent was that it was all going by. It seemed a pity one couldn't bottle up some of the summer for use in winter. Of course, if you were an artist, you could. Landscape pictures are a kind of bottled-up summer; you can do a lot with them in winter, if you are quite alone, and try to believe very much. Say," she continues, in her usual inconsequential fashion, "why is your wife so anxious that Mr. Duncombe should come back to the boat?"

She puts this question in an unconcerned manner, and with downcast eyes; in fact, she is now pretending to sketch, on the printed fly-leaf of a novel, some simulacrum of a withered tree on the other side of the stream, and the better to make her drawing visible across the advertisements, she from time to time moistens the lead-pencil with her lips, which is a most reprehensible practice.

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There was one green slope, the elms on the summit of which threw almost black shadows.



"She is now pretending to sketch."

steam-power against the flood—we having to keep outside of them, and get our tow-rope over their smoke stacks somehow or anyhow. But with Murdoch at the bow and Captain Columbus on the bank, we succeeded in getting by without any serious mishap. Help from the bargemen themselves we got none—not that they were in any way sulky or unwilling, but that the sight of this strange craft coming down the Severn awoke an all-conquering curiosity, and they could do nothing but stare at us until we had passed. Then we encountered a small steamer coming along at a considerable pace, that gave us a good bit of a wash; but the Nameless Barge dipped and bobbed and rode out these billows quite as if she had been to the manner born; and, altogether, we thought we were doing mighty fine. In this fashion we swung along by Chasely Rye, and Deerhurst, and Turley; and then we halted for luncheon at Haw Bridge, there being a certain White Lion in the neighbourhood, where Captain Columbus proposed to bait our gallant steed.

"Well," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, pulling in her camp-stool to the table with much complacency, "we have got so far in safety, thank goodness. But I'm glad I'm not responsible. When the worst comes to the worst, I mean to simply sit still and be drowned. If we have had to come through so many scrimmages on a quiet bit of an ordinary river!"

"Oh, pass those pickles and hold your tongue!" one had to say to her. "An ordinary river! I tell you it is a whirlpool, a cataract, a Niagara and Corrievreckan rolled into one. I tell you we have done very well. Why, we excited the admiration of every bargeman we passed. Didn't you see how they were struck with astonishment at our skilful seamanship?"

"They were struck with astonishment at something," she observed. "I suppose they never saw a house careering down the Severn before. But if we have all these escapades on this quiet part of the river, what is to happen to us when we get into the open estuary?"

"Don't you think you could have constructed a boat that would have saved you from all these apprehensions?" asked Sir Ewen Cameron, with cool impertinence. "I mean with something stronger along the sides, so that you wouldn't have to fear striking against the wall of a tunnel or bumping against one of those heavy barges?"

"Certainly," one made answer to this amateur critic. "She might have been armour-plated all round her gunwale, and she might have been furnished with a few twenty-ton guns, in case we should fall in with pirates."

"Or did you never think of taking one of those barges themselves and fitting it up?"

"Yes, with underground apartments, where we should all be living like moles, or water-rats rather."

"There would be skylights," said he.

"But Sir Ewen," said Miss Peggy, "what would become of the charm of these picnic luncheons? As we are sitting now, each of those windows frames a landscape—why, you might consider the five windows five pictures hung up to adorn the walls. And then they are living pictures—real water and skies and trees."

He deferred to her at once.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said he. "When we are resting quiet like this, it is much more delightful to have the view all round us; it is when we are going on that the awkwardness

of having a top-heavy house on the boat comes in. Of course, you wouldn't have all that trouble with the tow-rope if you went by steam. A small steam-launch—specially fitted to get into the canal-locks!"

"Oh, Sir Ewen!" Queen Tita exclaimed, "fancy having a noisy, rattling, smoky thing like that in those beautiful still solitudes we came through! All the charm and fascination of the quiet would vanish at once. And think of the smell of the oil—and the throbbing of the engine!"

"Look here, Cameron," one of us had to interpose, to put an end to this insensate discussion, "the political people think nothing of taking a Cabinet Minister who has just been War Secretary and putting him in command at the Admiralty; but we can't have anything of that kind here. We're not going to have Aldershot dictate to us. Besides, man, do you think we didn't debate and discuss all these and a hundred other proposals before we hit upon this compromise?"

"That seems a most excellent pigeon-pie—may I help myself?" he remarked to his hostess—and that was all his answer!

"And that reminds me," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, "that we ought to hear at Gloucester to-night whether Mr. Duncombe is coming. I am sure we owe a great deal to him for all the trouble he took about this boat. He was most indefatigable—you would have thought he was planning the whole expedition for himself."

"Yes, Madam," one said to her, "you ought to be most grateful to him. It's all very well for you now—here you are in fine summer weather—windows open—beautiful scenery all around you—and so on. I can tell you it was a very different thing last January—up at Staines or Kingston—inspecting one melancholy house-boat after another—the ice crackling on the slippery gangboards, one's teeth chattering with the cold. That was what Jack Duncombe did for you!"

"Yes, but we are not ungrateful, are we, Peggy?" she observed, making a bold appeal.

"I hope not," the younger person answered.

"And I am only sorry he has not seen this beautiful Severn along with us. Perhaps the Kennet may make it up to him."

She seemed very certain that Jack Duncombe would come back to the boat; and there was this to be said for her conviction that, if he could get away at all, he would assuredly try to join our party now, for he had always been curious to see how the craft he had helped to construct would behave in the open waters of the Severn. But we had no idea that we were to see him so soon. On this still golden evening we were quietly gliding on towards Gloucester, when Captain Columbus—who was far away along the tow-path (a favourite habit of his when he was not wanted on board)—was seen to stop and speak to a stranger.

"Fancy Columbus meeting an acquaintance in this out-of-the-way neighbourhood!" Queen Tita exclaimed. And then she looked—and looked again. "Why, I declare it is Mr. Duncombe! Isn't it, Peggy? It must be!"

The waving of a pocket-handkerchief put the matter beyond doubt. And then, in the course of a few minutes, the Horse-Marine, recognising the situation, and observing a part of the bank where we could easily get alongside, stopped his horse; the bow of the Nameless Barge was quietly run in among the reeds and bushes; the gangboard shoved out; and Jack Duncombe—in boating flannels, and with a small blue cap on his head—and yet nevertheless having a curious town look about him—at least so it seemed to us—stepped on board, and was cheerfully welcomed by the women-folk, and introduced

"We never thought of asking for telegrams," Queen Tita made answer; "we were too much engaged in watching the people pumping the water out of their houses."

"Oh," said he, "I thought you must have been washed away somewhere—I hardly ever expected to hear of you again. Did you see the newspapers? No, I suppose not. Why, there was nothing but gales and storms and floods—many a time I wondered how you liked the Forest of Arden in that kind of weather."

"I can assure you," said she, "we had nothing to complain of in the way of weather."

"Ah, you are used to the West Highlands," he remarked in his off-hand way.

"Well, now, if he had not been a new comer, and therefore to be welcomed, he might have been made to suffer for that imprudent speech; but she only said—

"There is Peggy, who has never been in the West Highlands—what do you say, Peggy?"

"I think it has been just beautiful and delightful, all the way through," that young lady said promptly. "We had some rain, of course, now and again; but we didn't seem to mind it. What I remember is just beautiful."

"And you got through the tunnels all right?"

"Oh, don't speak of that—that was too dreadful," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with a shudder. "Thank goodness, we are to have no more of them! Nothing on earth would induce me to go through those horrible places again."

"I see you have suffered a little in the wars," he continued, glancing along the roof and the sides of the boat. "You'll have to lie up somewhere for repairs. Of course you must look very smart before you make your appearance in a gay and fashionable place like Bath."

"But wait a bit, my young friend," the steersman put in; "what's this you're saying about Bath? Is the Thames and Severn Canal blocked?"

"I have been making inquiries," answered this diligent youth, "since I came to Gloucester, and I rather fancy it is. However, I will get to know more to-night or to-morrow morning. But anyhow, why shouldn't you go down to Bristol? It will be ever so much better fun. I should like to see her go ploughing after a steam-launch."

"Thank you," said Queen Tita, with much dignity; "I for one, have had enough of steam-launches."

"Oh, that was going through the tunnels," said he with perfect good-humour; "whereas this will be in the open. There won't be any danger—not much, at all events. If she should begin to do anything we can hove to the people on board the steam-launch, and they'll stop her, back her, and pick us up. It's quite simple."

"It's quite simple," complained Miss Peggy, "to have all our things sunk in the middle of the Severn!"

"And if we are to be towed down by a steam-launch," Mrs. Threepenny-bit asked again, "what is to be done with the horse?"

"The Horse-Marine must take him on to Bristol by road," said he.

"By road?" she answered quickly, as if some new idea had suddenly occurred to her. "Peggy, don't you think you would like a little driving-trip?—we could get a landau that would take all the things we wanted to make sure of!"

But here our Colonel interfered at once.

"No, no," said he, "that will never do. There must be no deserters. If you will answer for the navigation of the ship, Mr. Duncombe, I will be responsible for the behaviour of the passengers."

"As for that," said Duncombe, "I don't mind being made answerable for anything; but I think it's a wholesome rule, when there is anything doubtful going to be done with a boat, to put the responsibility on the owner of her. He ought to be in charge!"

"And he's going to be," observed the person concerned. "Don't you make any mistake about that."



to Colonel Cameron. Yes; there was a town look about his complexion that one had hardly noticed before—somehow suggestive of cigarettes, and lemon-squash, and the scribbling of farces. But he was apparently in the brightest of spirits; his clear, intelligent grey eyes showed how glad he was of this friendly welcome; while the way he glanced round the boat seemed almost to imply a sense of ownership.

"And you didn't get my telegram at Tewkesbury?" said he.

Some of those old houses looked unstable enough.

And yet the notion about driving seemed to linger in Mrs. Threepenny-bit's small brain.

"Peggy," she said, "what do you say about that landau?"

Miss Peggy glanced at Colonel Cameron—but instantly lowered her eyes, for he happened to be looking her way.

"Oh no," said she, modestly, "the passengers must be obedient—we must all stay by the ship."

In the clear and golden evening skies there were long lines of faintly russet cloud—parallel they mostly were, as if they had been left there by some receding sea—when we came in sight of the square tower and four turrets of Gloucester Cathedral rising above the wide meadows, with a background of purple, low-lying hills beyond. And now the question was whether we should go on to the town and endeavour to get into the basin of the Gloucester and Berkeley Ship Canal, or remain for the night out here in the rural quiet.

"And your luggage, Mr. Duncombe?" Queen Tita asked, for she knew that people don't drop down from the clouds in a suit of boating flannels.

"Of course I took my things to a hotel," said he. "When I got your invitation, I knew I should be a fifth wheel to the coach—only it was too tempting—and then I said to myself that I could easily stop at a hotel whenever there was a chance!"

"You shall do nothing of the kind," said she—for she is a hospitable kind of creature in her way, "that is, if you will put up with the discomfort of a bed in the saloon!"

"And if you would take my berth, and give me the bed in the saloon," Colonel Cameron interposed, "then I know you'd hate me less!"

"Not at all," said the younger man, with a good-natured laugh. "I am the one who ought to apologise, for coming here to disturb a happy family. And to-night, to show you bear me no ill-will, you're all coming to dine with me at my hotel!"

"Mr. Duncombe!" his hostess protested. "This boat is provisioned for any length of time!"

"But the dinner is ordered," said he; "and the room; and I have got what you haven't got—some fresh flowers. So I suggest you should leave the boat at some convenient place just outside the town, and we can walk up to the hotel. And then," continued this shifty young man, "you might put a few things in your dressing-bags—just now, I mean—and if you found you would rather stay the night at the hotel, you could send for them. It seems a pity to have to turn out late at night, and make your way down to the river."

"And how late do you expect us to remain your guests, Mr. Duncombe?" Mrs. Threepenny-bit inquired mildly.

"In Gloucester," said he, "no one ever goes to bed before twelve; but two is the fashionable hour."

"Then I am afraid we shall have to be very unfashionable. But come along, Peggy, and we will get some things ready—for no one knows how the time passes when men begin to smoke."

"They don't seem to know, anyway—that is their good fortune," remarked Miss Peggy; and forthwith these two disappeared.

And very gay this little dinner-party proved to be, when we were all assembled in the small sitting-room that Jack Duncombe had engaged; the table was bright and cheerful with flowers and wax-candles; and the banquet a good deal more sumptuous than the modest repasts to which we were accustomed on board our boat. Perhaps, too, Queen Tita—if she were still cherishing certain dark designs—was pleased to observe that the young man's position as host gave him a certain importance; and enabled him to display all his best points of manners. One could not help imagining that Miss Peggy was eyeing him a little critically—though surely that brief absence could not have transformed him into a stranger.

But what puzzled one of us most was this—how was it that he, who had left us in a most perturbed and anxious frame of mind, should now on his return be in the blithest of moods? He declared that the invitation we had sent him had reached him at the most opportune moment; but that, if it had not reached him at all, he would have come uninvited, and begged to be taken on board as a day-passenger, shifting for himself at nights. So there was here no making up of any quarrel, or the removal of any misunderstanding. On the contrary, he conducted himself just as if he had come once more among old friends; and he was most anxious to please; he brought with him all the gossip of the town; and news of the larger world, too, which we had missed for many a day. And always, we noticed, our garrulous and vivacious host, when he had to address himself to Sir Ewen Cameron, did so with a certain deference which became the younger man very well; and Inverfask—who acted the part mostly of a good-humoured listener—was very civil in return. Peggy also was a listener. The talk was chiefly kept up between Queen Tita and her young protégé, who was clearly in high favour to-night. And as for wandering away out in the dark to find the Nameless Barge, Jack Duncombe had already taken that matter into his own hands by ordering rooms for all of us in the hotel.

Yes, this was rather a festive evening—although Miss Peggy was without her banjo; for a little later on, when cigars had been lit, Jack Duncombe—who had been educated in Germany—proposed to compound for us a bowl of Maitrank, as appropriate to the season of the year; but Colonel Cameron offering instead to brew some Scotch toddy, as a much wholesomer mixture, Queen Tita unhesitatingly declared for the latter; and whisky, hot water, sugar, lemons, and the like, were forthwith sent for. It cannot honestly be said that our potations were deep; but the steaming odour of this unaccustomed beverage—here in this southern land—seemed to awaken memories; and very soon Mrs. Threepenny-bit was telling us of all her maddening difficulties as a housekeeper in far northern wilds—thirty-three mortal miles from any baker's or butcher's shop; while Sir Ewen came in with his experiences of shooting-lodges from the other point of view—that is to say, the point of view of a guest who has to take his chance. We did not sit up till two; no, nor yet to half-past twelve; but it was a merry evening.

And at the end of it, in her own room, Mrs. Threepenny-bit made these remarks:—

"Well, I am exceedingly glad Mr. Duncombe has come back, and I thought he showed to very great advantage to-night, didn't you? And Peggy has eyes—she must see. Of course, he was much too profuse with his entertainment—ridiculously so, for a young man; but I am hardly sorry. 'It would remind her of his circumstances,'"

"And you think she was impressed by borrowed silver candlesticks, and fruit, and flowers? It seemed to me she was a good deal more interested in hearing how we managed to live on blue hares and brown trout at Corrie-na-linnhe, that week the horse fell lame."

"As I said before," she continued, "I wouldn't for a moment compare Mr. Duncombe with Colonel Cameron. Certainly not. But in Mr. Duncombe's case, if her fancy was turned his way, everything would be most propitious and satisfactory; and we should have nothing to blame ourselves with. She must see that, too; she has as much common-sense as anyone. And I really do think that Mr. Duncombe showed to great advantage to-night."

"But, look here," one ventured to say to her, "even supposing that Peggy's fancy were to turn his way—either seriously or for mere devilment—are you quite so sure that Jack Duncombe would respond? All the time he was with us before he seemed impervious enough. Whatever else he is—and I think he is a well-intentioned young fellow, clever, too, and amusing in a half-cynical sort of way—there's not much sentiment about him. Mightn't your beloved Peggy find him rather a tough subject?"

She wheeled round at this.

"Why, even as a piece of mischief, do you think if Peggy were setting her mind to it she couldn't make a hash of him in half-a-dozen hours? She did it before; but she dropped it—he gave in too easily, and then she loses interest. If there were no more serious possibility with regard to Colonel Cameron, I should have no anxiety in the matter; but it isn't her usual tricks this time; it is something entirely different—indeed, it is she herself who seems attracted and impressed, and that in a very curious sort of way. However, if any madness of the kind has got into her brain, the contrast between these two—as regards their age and their circumstances and all that—must certainly strike her. Even if she doesn't take up with Mr. Duncombe—I am sure I don't want her to take up with anybody, while she is under my care—still, the distraction of his being here will be useful and wholesome. And really he showed very well to-night."

There was nothing further to be said. When the sacred oaks and the doves have spoken, the rest of the world is silent.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

SECOND NOTICE.

In the Central Gallery, which contains very nearly four hundred pictures, the visitor's eye is struck by the strong colouring and sharp contrasts by means of which the modern school of water colourists force their work upon the eye, even when there is no need for emphatic insistence. It is the note of the time, however, and is therefore worthy of study. For instance, in the really clever and suggestive study of border life, "Taking Milk to the Village" (299), by Mr. St. Clair Simmons, one cannot help feeling that so slight a subject is almost overdone by such formal touch and solid colour. We ought, perhaps, rather to be well satisfied that there yet remain painters who will give serious work to trivial incidents. The pity of it is that there is left no reserve of force for such pictures as Mr. Wollen's rendering of "Augereau's Attack on the Bridge of Arcola" (292), of which the tone is chalky and the chief actors lost in the midst of details and accessories. It is with satisfaction that one turns to so complete a little work as Mr. A. B. Donaldson's reminiscence of the quaint old Frisian town of "Leeuwarden" (323), or his "Approach to Sneek" (566), in which colour and subject are well suited, and the relation of the gabled buildings to the bright canal is fully sustained. An interesting comparison might be made between Mr. Donaldson's work and the study of the "Fishmongers' Hall and London Bridge" (298), by Mr. H. Medlycott; but it is no disparagement to the latter's excellent work to say that it just fails to do more than recall the architectural features of the view. Miss Amy Foster's "Harvest Time" (282) is a bright rendering of a pleasant scene, painted with considerable strength; and Mr. E. H. Fahey, in "The Dyers' Brook" (294), has found one of those quiet, dark-shadowed spots in which his brush delights; but he displays more novelty, as well as skill, in "The Morning Swim" (319), where, however, the figures in the foreground play a very subordinate part to the expanse of sea and sky. Mr. John Fulleylove is numerously represented in the present exhibition, but neither his "Waterloo Bridge" (311) nor his "St. Paul's from Ludgate-circus" (573) call for any special notice; but, it may be added, that both he and Mr. Medlycott are hard pressed in their architectural studies by Miss Louise Rayner, whose "King's Parade, Cambridge" (348), and "Windsor" (366) from the bridge, show a very marked advance on her previous work. As effects of colour, Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Study of Costume" (351) and "Marooned" (547) are amongst the most striking pictures in the exhibition. The latter is a reproduction in water-colour of the picture with the same title which attracted so much attention at Burlington House last summer. If possible, the bright canoe aground under the trees is more transparently painted and sits more buoyantly on the water than in the previous work. The bright dresses of the two girls convey, as it were, into the cool shade of the trees something of the blaze of the outside sun; but it seems a pity that the harmony of the picture should be so ruthlessly disturbed by the blue skirt of the girl upon the bank. There is a forcible contrast between this life of indolence and Mr. Alfred East's "Workshops and Homes" (403) of some ship-building district—probably Plymouth—where the grey morning mist invites but coldly the toilers to their task.

In works of domestic *genre*, there is usually a superfluity at the Institute. Miss Demain Hammond must be allowed to have scored a success with "The Delicate Question" (392)—a pretty young girl, in white-and-yellow dress, between two would-be partners for life—or for the waltz. Candle-light is not always as becoming on canvas or board as in real life; and Miss Hammond somewhat misses the full value of its shadows. Mr. David Carr, in "Grandfather's Darling" (396), aiming less high, is more completely successful with the little lass who stands on the top of the cottage steps to greet her grandfather on his return. Apart from the stiffness of one of the old man's legs—possibly unintentional—this little study of everyday life is excellent. In the more humorous strain, the gallery shows considerable strength. Foremost among these is Mr. Charles Green's delightful rendering of "Mr. Turveydrop's Dancing Academy" (565), to which the only protest we raise is that not only are the young ladies more elegant and "lady-like" than Dickens drew them, but that there is throughout the whole scene a refinement which Dickens could not suggest. Another clever work, broader and more distinctly comic, is Mr. Gordon Browne's "Cronies' Club" (358), as described by Washington Irving—the daily meeting of the village "authorities" to discuss the news and to settle the course of the world. Mr. J. C. Dollman naturally introduces some variety of animal life to give interest to his episodes, and in "Her Birthday" (435) the horses of the two suitors play an important part. The younger, who conceals his offering, if he has brought one, has reached the gate first, and is jauntily surveying his pompous rival, who brings in his hand a magnificent bouquet, apparently satisfied that he can allow the youthful cavalier the advantage he has gained, although he resents the flippancy of his manner. Mr. Frank Dadd is more dramatic than usual in his hard-featured group "All is not Gold that Glitters" (579), two highwaymen haggling with a "receiver" as to the value of the booty they are anxious to dispose of. Mr. Charles Staniland's "Bashful Wooer" (530), which might serve to illustrate a chapter in "Woodstock," is cleverly conceived and pleasantly executed. Pictures in which animals play an important part are not so numerous as usual; but the two pug dogs in Mr. Percy Macquoid's "Birthday Present" (462) may not

perhaps be intended to monopolise attention, but they are the centre of attraction. Amongst the remaining works in this room, of which we would gladly have spoken at length, are—Mr. Axel Haig's "Segovia" (332), on the hill-tops; Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Neptune's Garden" (338), peopled by sea-gulls; Mr. H. G. Hine's "Thirlwall Castle" (362) and "Canterbury" (424); Mr. Arthur Stocks' "Uncertified" (367), a village "dame"; Mr. W. J. Palmer's "Mountain Peaks" (379), Miss Currey's "Portrait" (390), Mr. Edwin Hayes' "Schooner off the Mumbles" (395), Mr. J. W. Perrin's "A Divine" (422), Mr. Alfred Hartley's "Hill Fold" (428), Miss K. Sturgeon's "Fair Composer" (457), Mr. Thomas Collier's "Under a Welsh Crag" (484), Mr. H. Pilleau's "Alhambra" (512), and, most of all, perhaps, Mr. L. Block's very remarkable "still life" study of old books (576), which in fineness and dexterity is equal to that of some of the renowned Dutch masters.

The East Gallery, as usual, contains several pictures of somewhat more than cabinet size; and, as a rule, the landscapes in this room are amongst the most interesting features of the annual display. Mr. Arthur Severn's "Old Chelsea" (879) and "Westminster" (915) are in striking contrast as regards the spirit in which they are conceived. In the latter work hurrying clouds obscure the moonlit sky, whilst Chelsea, idealised rather than restored, is basking in a bright and country sun. Both works, however, display all Mr. Severn's boldness of touch and fancy. Mr. Thomas Pyne is also represented by two capital specimens of his vivacious work, "A Breezy Morning" (925), in a hayfield, where busy labour reigns; and a bright "View of Sandwich" (660), and its wide "flats," stretching out to sea. There is more sombreness and almost too much depth of colour in Mr. Edmund Warren's "Wealth of Woodland" (667), with its bright lakelet nestling between the tree-covered hill; and it perhaps makes Mr. J. Orrock's "Solway Frith" (733), with its wonderful spaciousness and gleam seem cold and bare. Mr. Walter May's "Dordrecht" (675), in a golden mist, is another rendering of this picturesque old town—clever, but scarcely more; whilst Mr. Albert Brockbank's "Going to the Village" (747) bears witness that the influence of Walker and Mason is far from dead—as Mr. Zorn's "St. Ives Beach" (818) is a tribute to the New Quay School. Mr. Reginald Jones's "Pool in the Forest" (931) and Mr. Yeend King's "Through Meadows Green" (899) are also worthy of notice. Amongst the animal pictures is one by Mr. J. C. Dollman, "First Come, First Served" (932), which we shall engrave. Mr. Ralph Todd's "No Song, No Supper" (837), a girl teaching her canary the habits of good society, has also much merit. Mr. Edgar Giberne at all events knows what he wishes to paint, for his stag "At Bay" (857) does not look, as it were, a study either from the Jardin des Plantes or from the depths of his inner consciousness. The deer has crossed the brook in the hope of throwing off the hounds, but with poor success, and now awaits his fate and the huntsmen coming over the hill. Those acquainted with the realities of red-deer hunting in Somersetshire, will appreciate the vigour and truthfulness of Mr. Giberne's little episode. On a much larger scale, and painted with a very different object, is Mr. H. Caffieri's "Cookham Regatta" (884)—a blaze of bright colour and pretty faces. One hardly knows whether, in such pictures as Mr. Joseph Nash's "Still Harping on my Daughter" (871) and "The Haunted Chamber" (791) he intends to make the humorous element predominant; as Mr. Bayes more obviously does in "A Snowdrop" (759), where the occupant of a sedan-chair is making an unpleasant experience of the outside weather. Mr. John Scott's mediæval allegories of "Summer" (726) and "Winter" (737) are effective and carefully painted; but Mr. Henry Stock's allegorical figure of "A Soul Contemplating the Grass of the Field" (683) fails to convey the artist's meaning. Among the other works which deserve mention are Mr. C. H. Poingdestre's "Continental Express" (703); Mr. Tom Taylor's "Connoisseur" (687), full of humour and promise; Mr. James Hill's "Barns" (719); Miss Lilian Young's "Grandfather's Wooing" (784); Mr. Austen Brown's "Summer" (783), a woman leading goats; and Mr. Kilburne's "Men Were Deceivers Ever" (812), which is somewhat marred by the preposterous length of the man's legs—although his pose, as well as that of the half-doubting girl, is easy and graceful.

Mr. Harry Furniss's lecture on "Art and Artists," which he delivered recently at the Birkbeck Institute, and which is to be repeated in various parts of the country, comes very opportunely in arrest of judgment on the pictures of the year. Mr. Furniss showed under what difficulties the young artist labours in developing his talents. The Royal Academy system of training is that of the intelligent farmer who sows fresh seed of ever-varying kinds once a month in the same furrow. So far it is impossible not to concur with Mr. Furniss; but we are not quite so ready to accept the blessings of State-aided or State-patronised art. Our artists, in painting for the public, unintelligent as that public may be, are, at all events, forced to keep their talents within certain bounds. No amount of State patronage will, we believe, create imagination. It is the gift of few amongst the Anglo-Saxon when compared with the Latin race, and it is because there is more imagination in the French character than in the English or German that such a wide and impassable gulf separates the exhibition of the Salon from that of Burlington House or of the Berlin Academy. By all means let us have a National Academy of Art, in which our best artists could hold rival schools and classes; but let the Academy be in all ways free from State influence and Government interference. South Kensington is there as a sign-post to warn us from the road we should not follow. It produced one artist, George Mason, as it would seem, by accident and unwittingly. Let us, therefore, in spite of Mr. Furniss's warning, adopt the Fabian policy, and wait for a rise of public taste in art, by which alone artists will be forced to show themselves in the van or to fall altogether out of the race. Although we differ from Mr. Furniss as to the means by which our common aim is to be accomplished, we believe that his suggestive and amusing lecture will do more than pages of dry essays to advance the cause of English art, although at the expense of the reputation of many English artists.

Mr. Algernon Graves has just completed a catalogue of the works of the late Samuel Cousins, R.A. As this celebrated engraver executed during his long career more than 300 plates, Mr. Graves' catalogue will be of great value to all art students, but especially to collectors.

A handsome statue, in Carrara marble, of the late Earl of Dudley, was unveiled at Dudley on April 25 by the Countess of Dudley. The statue, which has been erected by public subscription, represents the late Earl in his Peer's robes, with emblematical surroundings indicative of his love of music, literature, and sculpture.

In the Upper House of the Canterbury Convocation on April 27 the *articulus cleri* of the Lower House against the exclusion of the clergy from the new County Councils, proposed in the Local Government Bill, was concurred with. The Lower House discussed some matters, and both Houses were prorogued to June 26. The House of Laymen, after discussing some business, adjourned to the same date.



SKETCHES OF "COERCION": THE PRISON LIFE OF AN IRISH M.P.

PRISON LIFE OF AN IRISH M.P.

Without prejudice to any political opinions of any Party, the common sense of Englishmen, allied with their sense of the ludicrous, could not fail to observe certain incidents of last November in a supremely comical aspect. An honourable member of the House of Commons, on Aug. 6 and 11, in defiance of a law passed for the preservation of the public peace, thought fit to attend meetings legally prohibited in a certain district of County Cork, and to make speeches inciting the peasantry to resist the sheriffs and bailiffs in the execution of an ordinary civil process. He was, on Sept. 24, convicted on two specific charges before the appointed Magistrates, who sentenced him to three months' imprisonment. An appeal to the County Court resulted, on Oct. 31, in the confirmation of this sentence. He was thereupon lodged in the county jail; but here comes in the grotesque and ridiculous part of the affair. This political martyr immediately announced, with "the true pathos and sublime"—or bathos and sham crime—of heroic law-breaking, that all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men should never make him wear the prison dress. A philosopher might consider that the fashion of one's clothing, so long as it is not uncomfortable to the body, should be just that which is usually put on by other men in a similar position in the place where he happens to be sojourning; but this rule of good taste, which forbids eccentricity in the choice of attire among persons enjoying social liberty, did not commend itself to the Nationalist leader. He objected not only to the simple and convenient jacket and trousers provided by her Majesty's Government for the temporary attire of indoor pupils of penal discipline—fancy a monk refusing to wear the cowled frock and sandal shoon of his Order—but even to the clean linen punctually washed and brought to his bedside in the penitential cell. He would rather go dirty for weeks, or lie abed, though in prison sheets or blankets, all the days as well as the nights of his enforced residence in a public mansion for those deserving objects of Government care who must submit to compulsory retirement from the exciting influences of the outer world. Habits so unwholesome, persisted in for a week or two, naturally brought about a depressed state of health, and it was not at all surprising that the indefatigable orator, who had been accustomed to travel about the country and speak at open-air meetings in the roughest weather, was soon reported to have become an invalid. As certain visiting magistrates of Cork, favourable to the Nationalist party, were disinclined to uphold the fixed rules of prison management, it was decided to remove this brave gentleman to the jail of Tullamore, in King's County, where those rules are uniformly maintained. Our Artist's Sketches of the interior living arrangements of this establishment give an idea of unadorned simplicity, free from the perplexing inventions of modern household luxury and superfluous decoration. This might be welcome, for a brief interval of retreat, to many a contemplative student feeling his course of thought embarrassed, at certain hours, by the calls of the drawing-room and the dinner-table. Carlyle, when he inspected a Model Prison, declared that he could write the best of books, if only he were committed for a few months to such a perfect abode of quiet meditation, so sheltered and sequestered, with scientific

ventilation and regulated warmth, and with his meals of plain food, precisely sufficient to repair the vital waste of bodily substance, laid beside him at the due times of the day. To be sure, he would also have wanted his pipe and tobacco. The prison regulations in Ireland are known to be equally tolerable with those in other parts of the United Kingdom; and this hon. member's peculiar experiences, which were the consequence of attempting to resist the customary order, did not prove him to be the victim of special cruelty. He was permitted, after some days, to become an inmate of the infirmary, where the prisoners are treated with some indulgences suitable to their delicate condition of health.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1886) of Mr. Thomas Cardwell, late of No. 32, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on March 14 last, was proved on April 25 by John Parsons, and Thomas Holme Cardwell and Arthur McKenzie Cardwell, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £140,000. The testator bequeaths £15,000 each and all his shares in the Star Brewery Company to his sons Thomas Holme Cardwell and Arthur McKenzie Cardwell, and annuities to his brothers and sisters. Subject thereto he leaves all his real and personal estate between his three sons, Thomas Holme, Arthur McKenzie, and William Alexander, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1884) of Mr. William Flower, late of No. 165, Bow-road, E., was proved on April 23 by Mrs. Emma Martha Goode, the sister, Charles James Orton, and Farnham Flower Grimes, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £84,000. The testator gives and devises his two wharves at Old Ford, and all his household furniture, silver, and pictures to his nephew, Farnham Flower Grimes; certain freehold property in the Bow-road, and £1300 to William Charles Parsons; his dredger, barges, anchors, and all the plant of his business, and £1000, to his cousin, John William Flower; £2000 to his nephews, James Flower Grimes, Henry Flower Grimes, and William Flower Grimes; and very numerous legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sister, Mrs. Emma Martha Goode, and his nephew, Farnham Flower Grimes, share and share alike.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1887) of Mr. John Thomas Roumieu, formerly of Lincoln's Inn, but late of No. 10, Austin-Friars, E.C., who died on March 18, was proved on April 19 by Reginald St. Aubyn Roumieu, George Frederick Roumieu, and William Edward Steavenson, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £56,000. The testator bequeaths £10 each to the Magdalen Hospital, the London Diocesan Society (Highgate), the Female Penitentiary (Pentonville-road), the Ophthalmic Eye Hospital (Moorfields), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Cancer Ward of the Middlesex Hospital, the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, the Indigent Blind Society, and the Institution for Female Cripples (Marylebone-road); £5000 each to his nephews, Captain Joseph Steavenson, Dr. William Edward Steavenson, and the Rev. Frederick Steavenson; and to his nieces, Cecilia Maria

Steavenson and Mrs. Mary Eliza Price; and legacies to friends. He gives and devises all his farms, lands, hereditaments, and premises in the county of Leicester to his brother Charles, for life, and at his death, to his son George Frederick; and all his farms, lands, and houses in the county of Derby between his nephews, Reginald St. Aubyn Roumieu and Raymond Louis Roumieu; but charged with the payment of an annuity to their sister, Mrs. Emily Wylie. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three nephews, Reginald St. Aubyn, Raymond Louis, and George Frederick.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1882) of the Hon. Mrs. Lavinia Jane Watson, formerly of Rockingham Castle, Northamptonshire, but late of The Elms, Monmouth, who died on Feb. 20 last, was proved on April 14 by George Lewis Watson, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. Subject to a devise of certain pictures and china to her son, George Lewis Watson, to be held as heirlooms, the testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate to her daughter, Lavinia Grace Von Roeder, absolutely.

The will (dated March 29, 1883) of the Rev. Thomas May, late of the Parsonage, Leigh, who died on Feb. 19 last, was proved on April 7, by Allan May and Philip May, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, pictures, glass, &c., and £1000 each, to his daughters, Isabella Maria, Frances, and Mary Catharine; and he devises certain real estate between his said three daughters and his sons, James Thomas, Philip, and Allan. The residue of his property (including the advowson of Leigh, which is to be put up for sale) he leaves, as to one sixth thereof, to the widow and children of his son Henry, and the remaining five sixths between his children, Philip, Allan, Isabella Maria, Frances, and Mary Catharine, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 26, 1883) of Miss Susan Dent, late of No. 35A, Great Cumberland-place, who died on Feb. 12 last, was proved on April 24 by David Wilson, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testatrix gives £3500, and all her interest, for life, of the collieries, farms, and lands at Mold, North Wales, to her sister Augusta Dent; £3500 to her sister Mrs. Julia Sewell, and the reversion of the said collieries, farms, &c., on the death of Augusta Dent; and £500 each to her nephews, Alfred Robert Dent, Hastings Charles Dent, and her niece, Beaujolais Anne Dent. The residue of her property she leaves between her two sisters, Augusta Dent and Julia Sewell.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1886) of Mr. John Baker, late of No. 13, Albion-road, Holloway, who died at Bournemouth on Feb. 27, was proved on April 20 by Thomas Webster Hancock and William Griffiths, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the London Fever Hospital (Liverpool-road), the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, the Great Northern Hospital, the Holloway and North Islington Dispensary, the Royal Orphan Asylum (Bagshot), and the Royal Hospital for Incurables (West-hill, Putney); £200 each to the Metropolitan Benefit Society Asylum (Balls' Pond-road) and the Indigent Blind Visiting Society (Red Lion-square), and numerous legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of his property he leaves to his two nieces, Rebecca and Emma Baker.

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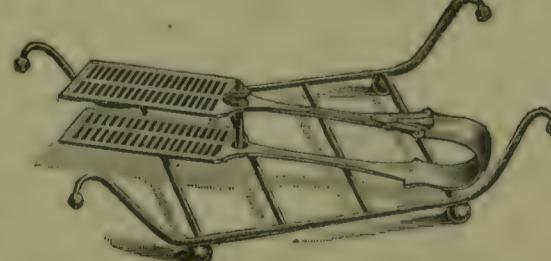
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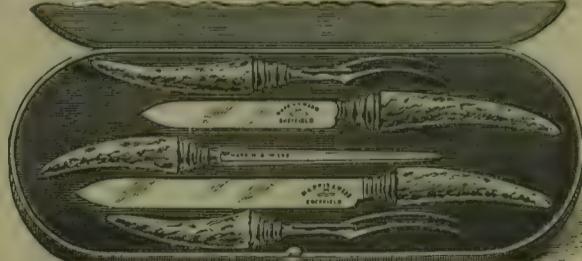


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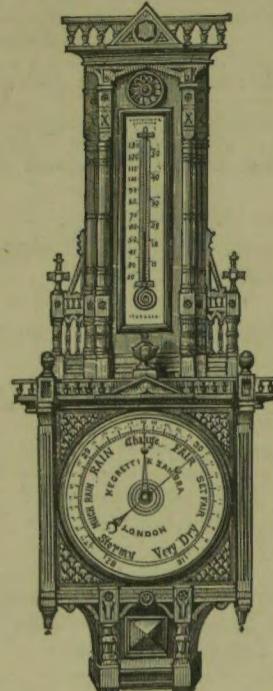
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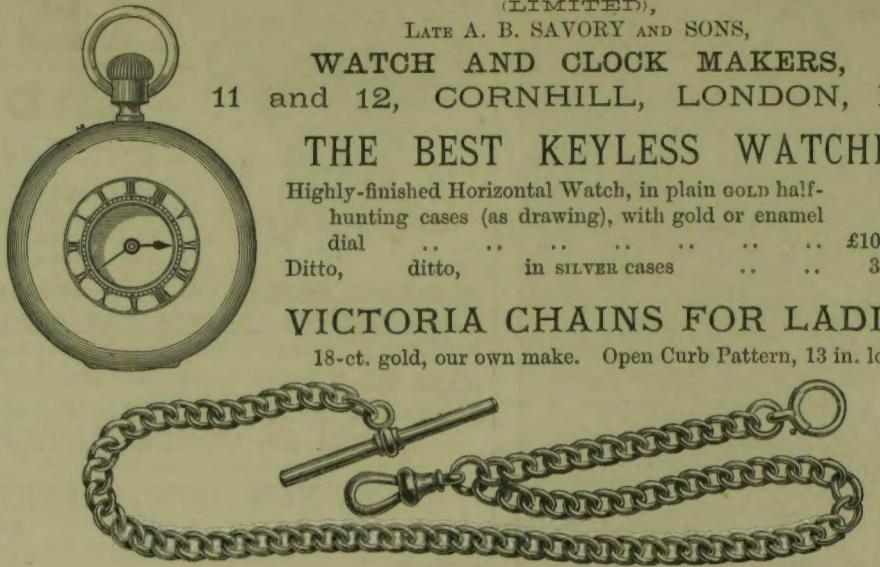
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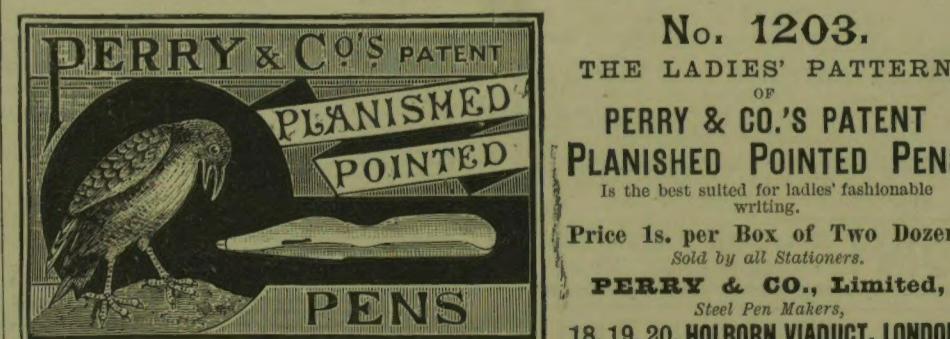
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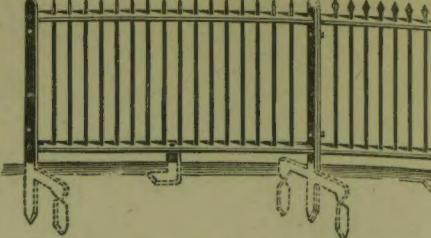
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THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

It is absurd to conceal the fact, so strongly is it brought into evidence by the present exhibition, that the Grosvenor Gallery no longer occupies in the art-world that position which it once occupied. Opinions may differ as to how far art itself may not benefit, in the long run, by the maintenance of a gallery of carefully-selected works, in which the predominant influence of a certain set or of a peculiar school is no longer felt. It is not only the absence of Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Burne Jones, and a few others, which distinguishes this year's exhibition from its predecessors; nor is it the obscurity to which the neoclassicists have been relegated which strikes one in looking round the rooms. It seems as if those who still remained to the Grosvenor had lost the power of giving to it a distinctive note; or else that the aim of Sir Coutts Lindsay has been to substitute a catholic for an eclectic standard. We are not devotees of the latter; but we confess that it is with regret that we find the Grosvenor placing itself on a level with other exhibitions, and containing only such works as one might naturally expect to meet with at Burlington House or the Institute.

To pass, however, to particulars, we may say that the honours of the exhibition are divided between Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. J. J. Shannon, and Mr. David Murray. The full-length portrait of Miss Mabel Galloway (11), a young girl of about twelve years of age, in red silk and plush, by Mr. Gregory, is rich in colour and strong in composition, but it just falls short of being a great success by reason of faults so obvious it is hard to understand their presence. The child is half seated on the edge of a carved table, against a gold-papered wall, which for brilliancy outshines the frame itself. In all the accessories of the room—the Turkey carpet, the carved oak furniture, the blue and red pot with flowers—a balance of minuteness and brilliancy is kept in view. The child's head, however, is thrown back as much too far as the right leg is thrown forward by some anatomical perversity. In the adjoining room Mr. J. J. Shannon's full-length portrait of Mr. Henry Vigne (151), in hunting attire of dark green coat and white "cords" and top boots, is a marvel of ease and quiet common-sense. One can guess, instinctively, that the likeness must be a telling one, so carefully is every line of the weather-beaten but pleasant face brought into evidence. Mr. Shannon's other contribution is more imaginative—a seated woman, to whom he gives the name of "Myrrha" (179). The face, beautiful and noble as it is, is too thoroughly modern and European to be connected with the heroine of the tragedy of Sardanapalus—although the tiger's skin, against which she reclines, and her costume suggest some Eastern tale. In a mere question of colouring it shows almost as much force as Mr. Gregory's figure, with a trifle more poetry, and a wider sense of the beautiful. Of the two works to which the places of honour are assigned in the large gallery, we must speak with more reserve. Mr. Britten has on previous occasions obtained success by the *brio* which he throws into his groups of brightly-dressed people. This year he has chosen a somewhat sadder theme: the shipwreck of a family of Huguenot refugees (30); but instead of depicting them facing their passed dangers with resignation or thankfulness, they are depicted wildly gesticulating and aimlessly wrestling with the very moderate wavelets which break upon the sandy Suffolk shore. There is an almost grotesque sense of useless strife, rather than of dignified resolution, in the noisy struggling group, on whom the bright sky is smiling a welcome to a new home. Mr. Hacker's episode of the Jewish captivity, "By the Waters of Babylon" (93), is treated in the very opposite spirit. In the principal figure—a woman, veiled in black, sitting among the rushes—there is an air of hopeless despair, which even the presence of her children around her cannot moderate. Beyond the careful drawing of the figures, and a certain harmony of colour, there is nothing peculiarly noteworthy about the work. Another important work is Mr. J. R. Reid's "Smugglers" (59). Through the narrow street of a Cornish seaport, a coast-guardsman is taking a number of handcuffed smugglers amid a threatening crowd. In front of a fish-stall the old man finds himself face to face with his two little grandchildren, one of whom clings to him piteously, but exciting but little of his attention. The picture is crowded with figures broadly, almost brutally, painted; and although the colouring is extremely fine, neither this nor the animation of the work compensates for the total want of beauty and finish by which it is marked. In a word, it is a powerful but not a pleasing work. Mr. John Reid and his sister, Miss Flora Reid, must, however, be regarded as amongst the chief supporters of this exhibition. From him, in addition to the "Smugglers," there is a clever portrait of Mr. W. Sanderson (2) and the "Fisherman's Haven" (137); while Miss Reid sends the "Sweet Spring-time" (49), "Wild-Flowers" (79), and "Come, Birdie" (98), in all of which the rich red tones of her brother's palette are distinctly apparent, although in the last-named she seems to have followed her own instincts, and to have moderated her warmth. All these works are decidedly clever and healthful in their tendency, and perhaps maintaining more distinctly the traditions of the old English and Scotch landscapes than some pictures which appeal more directly to our present taste. Amongst those on whom the best influences of the French school seem to have fallen is Mr. David Murray, who is more numerously represented in the present exhibition than any other artist. The majority of his seventeen works (some water colours) bear reference to his favourite sketching-ground of Picardy, and of these the large landscape "Shine and Shower" (166) is at once the most important and the most striking; although one cannot help feeling that too much space is given up to the fresh-ploughed field, over which the rain-cloud is sweeping. The "Street of St. Riquier" (10), although without any special features of interest in itself, furnishes Mr. Murray with a pleasant theme; as do many other simple episodes of country and fisher life.

Sir J. Millais's portrait of Sir Arthur Sullivan suggests more the jovial companion who takes his years lightly than the harassed composer. Mr. Burton Barber has found means of acquitting himself of the thankless task of painting Prince Alexander of Battenberg (3) in his cradle by the introduction of two capital dogs, which quite throw his "Serene" Highness into the shade. Mr. Frank Holl, on the other hand, is as direct as ever in his portraits, which demand no accessories even in these days of simple costume. Lord Brassey (18), it is true, carries a telescope, and beside Sir George Stephens (29) are a couple of books; but Sir John Rose (33) leaves the undirected public to guess his occupations and amusements, for to neither does Mr. Frank Holl's clever and forcible portrait afford a clue. Mr. W. B. Richmond is also, in a measure, faithful to Sir Coutts Lindsay; but there is nothing of any great depth or inventive power in the likeness of the Hon. Guy Dawnay (71) in a semi-sportsman, semi-brigand costume, sitting among the rocks of Albania. The smaller portrait—only a head of Dr. Lippmann (28)—is, on the other hand, full of life and character, and shows off the artist's subtle power of insight to the best advantage. Whilst speaking of the portraits, we may also mention that of Mr. Orchardson, R.A.,

in a shooting-coat (85), by Mr. T. Graham, very free and easy; a small but highly-finished head of Mr. Cunningham Graham (41) by Mr. Jacob Hood; and the head of a ploughboy (45) by Mr. G. Clausen, which must be reckoned as a portrait, so absolutely true to nature is it in every line and shadow. Of the ladies' portraits, that of Lady Cairns (50), by Mr. Percy Bigland, would attract more attention had not the "white muslin dress and one mousquetaire-glove" style been a little played out since Mr. Herkomer first introduced Miss Grant to our admiring notice.

Before concluding one ought to notice Mr. Walter Severn's very powerful sea-piece, "Signs of Clearing after Storm" (26), in which the running back of the spent wave is rendered with marvellous truthfulness, and the whole scene grasped with great effect; and amongst other sea-pieces should be named Mr. P. R. Morris's "Storm on Albion's Coast" (74), Mr. Charlie Wyllie's "Whispering Waves" (82), and Mr. Henry Moore's "Frost in the Air" (39). Among the landscapes, in addition to those already named, should be noticed Mr. Aumonier's "Silver Night" (6), Mr. Adrian Stokes' "Rusted Bracken" (32), Mr. Anderson Hague's "Conway Valley" (63), Mr. Alfred East's "Harvest Moon" (95), Mr. Ernest Parton's two phases of "St. Martin's Summer" (106 and 176), Mr. Frank Dicey's "Hambledon Lock" (143)—a delightful bit of Thames scenery and wholesome English life, of which he sends two other smaller but not less delicate studies, "Sonning on Thames" (339) and "Autumn Tints" (344)—Mr. Hartley's "Evening" (163), in spite of its bareness, and Mr. Mark Fisher's "Winter Fare" (165). Amongst the figure pictures, Mr. Jacob Hood's large decorative work, the "Triumph of Spring" (170), will attract considerable notice. Mr. Matthew Hale's "In the Temple Gardens" (175), Mr. Cottman's "At the Spinning Wheel" (169), Mr. Lorimer's "Christmas Eve" (131), and Mrs. Henrietta Rae's "Reverie" (87), also deserve notice.

The water-colours, although not numerous, include some careful work, both by well-known and comparatively little-known artists, as, for example, Mrs. Edmund Gosse's "Primrose-hill" (238), Miss Donald Smith's "Waterloo-place" (237), Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "Catarina" (240), Mrs. Savile Clark's "Derelict" (262), Mr. H. Caffier's "Sand-banks" (265), and Mr. J. O'Connor's "Sketches in Seville" (271).

In sculpture, Mr. T. Nelson Maclean's portraits are the most distinctive features of the small collection, and are uniformly distinguished by vigour and lightness of touch. In more imaginative work—which, by-the-way, comes from amateurs—may be mentioned that of Mr. Baden Powell, Mr. Wade, and Count Gleichen.

Here we close our brief survey of the present Grosvenor; and enough has been said to show that, whilst to the public it offers sufficient attractions from "old" masters, it opens the door wide to the younger and less-known talent which is constantly endeavouring to force its way into notice, but not always finds its opportunity.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The New Covenant" (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) is an ode written by Robert Buchanan for the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition in May, and set to music by Dr. Mackenzie. The text includes a stirring invocation to the "dark sea-born city," and a reference to former stormy times of the old Covenanters—the concluding "epode" pointing to the new covenant: "To band for ever in faithful love, till all our kind are free; to spread the gifts of peace with brave endeavour from shining sea to sea!"—concluding with the old metrical version of the Hundredth Psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell." Dr. Mackenzie's music comprises many striking choral effects of a bold and impressive kind, with harmonic transitions that afford some varied contrasts, a good musical climax being obtained by the closing use of the church tune known as "The Old Hundredth." The piece, when rendered with its intended surroundings, vocal and instrumental, can scarcely fail to prove worthy of its purpose.

"A Song of Thanksgiving" is another "pièce d'occasion," for chorus and orchestra, composed by Mr. Cowen, for the opening of this year's Melbourne Centennial Exhibition. It will also be performed at the Hereford Festival in September. The words are selected from the Psalms. The opening strains are appropriately bright and jubilant, with some good orchestral elaborations in the accompaniments, the first and principal movement being well sustained. In good contrast to this comes an expressive "Lento non troppo" ("Except the Lord build the house"), followed by the final chorus, "We, Thy people," the triumphal choral strains and brilliant orchestration of which form a highly effective climax. This work is also published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.

"Gondelied" is the title of a gondola song for the piano-forte, by Catherine Heaton, published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. This piece, in the style of a "lied ohne wörte," has a flowing melody; a rippling character prevailing in the accompaniment, in contrast to the syncopation which pervades the upper part. The change from the "andante" to the intervening "maestoso" in three-four is lively, but somewhat too much in the waltz style to be quite in keeping with the other portions. It is, however, altogether a bright pianoforte piece.

Messrs. Enoch and Sons publish some pleasing vocal music suitable for drawing-room use. "Your Hand in Mine," by J. L. Roeckel, is a love-song with a flowing melody, with some effective phrases in the pastoral style. "Parted or Near," by F. L. Moir, is also a song of a sentimental character, which will lend itself well to a sympathetic voice and expressive delivery. An additional (optional) violin accompaniment will be found to enhance the effect. "All in a Garden Fair" is both written and composed by M. Watson. The verses are sentimental without being affected, and the vocal setting is very reflective of them, some changes of tempo and rhythm answering well to the varied shades of feeling. Another song in which the composer is also the poet is "Pray for Me," by Lord Henry Somerset. A sad sentiment is unaffectedly conveyed in some smoothly-written verses, which are allied to strains of an essentially vocal character that are simple in style without being commonplace. An occasional variation of tempo has a good effect. "The Snow-clad Mountains" and "The Choir Immortal," both by P. Rodney, are settings of impressive lines of a serious cast—in the first instance by Frank F. Stone, in the other case, by Whyte-Melville. In each song Mr. Rodney has supplied music specially suitable to the requirements, and well calculated for vocal effect. All the songs just specified are issued by Messrs. Enoch and Sons in various keys, so as to suit any register of voice, which in no case, however, need be of exceptional compass.

"Revoir. Intermezzo," and "Reverie," are transcriptions from the originals of M. Bourne, by Signor G. Papini, the eminent violinist, whose adaptations are made for his instrument with pianoforte accompaniment. The pieces are well contrasted in their respective styles of calm and vivacity, and the arrangements are skilfully made, the fingering and other directions in the violin part being valuable aids to the players. Messrs. Aschenberg and Co. are the publishers.

"Solv Bryllup Marsch" is the title of a pianoforte piece composed by Frances Copeland, and dedicated to the Princess

of Wales, in honour of the Silver Wedding. It is a bright and spirited piece, with a well-contrasted intermediate trio. It is published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., from whom we also have the commencement of the first series of Oscar Beringer's "Easy Classics for the Pianoforte," a collection of movements adapted from classical masters, and well suited for juvenile students. The fingering supplied by Mr. Beringer is especially valuable, as coming from so thorough a master of the technics of pianoforte playing.

"To Julia Weeping" (words by Thomas Moore) and "I'll tend thy Bower" (words by William Ferguson) are songs to which Mr. Hamish MacCunn has supplied the music. This gentleman recently had a very characteristic orchestral piece, "The Ship o' the Fiend," produced at one of the London Symphony concerts, and afterwards at the Crystal Palace, which attracted very favourable notice, as recorded at the time. His songs are graceful productions, the first well suited for impressive declamation, the other in a more flowing style. Messrs. Paterson and Sons are the publishers.

NEW BOOKS.

Robert Southey: The Story of His Life Written in His Letters. Edited by John Dennis (D. Lothrop Company, Boston).—The personal character of that versatile and accomplished man of letters, who wrote epic poems and romances in verse, biographies and histories in a style which is nearly the standard of good modern prose, and various contributions to critical and controversial literature, is worthy of remembrance for its private virtues. Few eminent men of the literary profession have lived more consistently up to the mark of that which should be the highest in their calling as scholars and authors, bound to seek what is good and right and fair in the world of learning and thinking, whence also their practical example ought to be deserving of esteem. Southey was one of the most amiable and respectable of his distinguished contemporaries; and this selection from his abundant correspondence with many friends, among whom were Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Lockhart, Landor, Henry Taylor, and others well known to fame, proves his excellent qualities of mind and heart, and shows his behaviour in domestic and social relations. His letters to such men are valuable for the expressions of mature opinions on literary, ethical, and political topics; but the interest belonging to the growth of individual character from early youth is more strongly exhibited in a fragment of autobiography, coming down to his school-days at Westminster, and in letters written before he took up his residence at Greta Hall, near Keswick. The son of an unthrifty Bristol linen-draper, his childhood was partly spent with a maiden aunt at Bath, and his education was fitful and irregular; even at Westminster School, and at Balliol College, Oxford, he somehow missed the advantages of a sound mental discipline. But his native literary faculty was precocious, and a visit to Portugal, where his maternal uncle held the post of British Chaplain, inspired him with a fruitful predilection for romantic history, tales of chivalry and adventure, and the varied aspects of national life in different ages. This disposition, with his taste for metrical composition, produced the ingenious narratives of "Thalaba," "The Curse of Kehama," "Don Roderick," and "Madcoc," besides "Joan of Arc," commenced at the age of twenty. They were mostly finished by the year 1805, or 1807, and might have been read by some people a little longer, but for the more powerful fascination of Scott and Byron. To be sure, Southey became Poet Laureate; but that is a fading garland. The unripeness of Southey's mind at the time when those poems were conceived is sufficiently apparent; but it was not less manifested in his preparations to join with Coleridge, Lovell, Burnett, Heath, and Allen, and with the ladies of several Bristol families, in founding their projected commonwealth of experimental "Isocracy" on the shore of America. Yet he chose a quiet dwelling-place among the Cumberland lakes and mountains, and made his abode there nearly forty years. His career during that long period was not eventful, but was happy, useful, and honourable, with which qualities he was wisely content, never desiring riches, and declining a baronetcy, nor wishing to emulate, if he could, the builder of Abbotsford. This was a good example of life; and the present compiler of his letters, Mr. John Dennis, has our thanks for the memorial he supplies in this acceptable volume; for Southey, though not one of the "immortals," has some who are unwilling to forget him entirely among the elders of our own generation.

Our Sentimental Journey through France. By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell (Longmans).—With a pleasant remembrance of the "New Canterbury Pilgrimage," made on a tandem tricycle by the American artist and his clever wife in the track of old Chaucer's merry cavalcade who told the famous Tales, we take up this inviting new volume. Mrs. Pennell is a lively humorist, fond of innocent fun in a ladylike manner; and her whim of following the course of Sterne's amusing "Journey," and frequently imitating his tricks of style, or affecting to experience his fantastic moods, in her literary journal of this holiday trip, is carried out with taste and skill. Her husband's numerous sketches of bits of landscape, quaint French towns and villages, and figures or groups of people, are very characteristic of the country, and often very pretty. Their road, as shown in a queer map of burlesque design, lay from Calais by Abbeville and Amiens to Paris, where they made no stay, thence by Fontainebleau and Montargis to the Upper Loire, and farther south by Nevers to the Cevennes; thence over Mont Tarare eastward to Lyons and the Rhone, with the intention of getting on through Savoy to Piedmont; but this narrative leaves them not far beyond Vienne. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell must be strong and expert, as well as enterprising, performers on the machine which has of late years become available for tourists. One day, favoured by the powerful wind at their backs, they travelled above 120 kilomètres; but their rate of progression was sometimes vexatiously reduced by the state of the roads, and the *parc* of stones would oblige them to dismount and walk in many inhabited places. French bicyclists were met, here and there; but a lady doing her part on the fore-seat of a tricycle was a novel sight to most of the rural folk, and this adventurous pair were sometimes laughed at, generally stared at, and always barked at by dogs. At the inns, where they conversed sociably with the natives and travellers of different classes, who behaved to them very civilly, Mrs. Pennell, speaking French more fluently than her husband, gathered much diverting acquaintance with the provincial mind and its habits and manners. Her description of the picturesque scenery of the Forest of Fontainebleau, and of Barbizon, a noted resort of artists, which was the abode of the eminent painter Millet, will probably recall memories of that neighbourhood to many of our own countrymen with similar tastes and pursuits. The various accidents and damages that befel the tricycle, not being fatal to its use, and the occasional discomforts of rainy weather, rough ground, and inferior lodging, were borne so cheerfully and bravely that, if all women had the same spirit, any man would like to take his wife on a similar journey, if himself sufficiently master of the art of riding upon wheels.



CARNIVAL IN PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

Nineteenth Century.—“The Defencelessness of London,” an alarming title, is shown by General Sir Edward Hamley, a great military authority; he does not ask for costly permanent fortifications, but would have all the metropolitan and suburban Volunteers, with a local artillery force, specially trained to hold certain defensive positions. Mr. Gladstone reviews the remarkable novel, “Robert Elsmere,” which we noticed last week, and earnestly protests against its tendency to discredit the orthodox theological doctrines. Lord Thring’s stringent analysis of the Local Government Bill is accompanied with disapproving comments; and Lord Lymington finds fault with Mr. Curzon’s proposals for the Reform of the House of Lords. Mr. Swinburne’s critical essay on Ben Jonson, and Sir Fitz-James Stephen’s examination of Professor Max Müller’s “Science of Thought,” are concluded. The confusion prevailing in the Admiralty administration is further exposed by Lord Charles Beresford. A strategic and tactical study of the earliest battles, in Alsace, between the French and Germans in August, 1870, is contributed by Mr. Childers. The moral and intellectual condition of France at this day is gravely diagnosed by Mr. Frederick Myers.

Contemporary Review.—A lecture by Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., delivered to an audience of truth-seekers in political economy, on the “Occupation of Land,” cannot fail to be instructive. The condition of the North American Indians, personally examined and historically studied by Francis Parkman, of Boston, during forty years of faithful labour, is the subject of an interesting essay. Mr. G. Wyndham exposes the statistical mis-statements of Mr. Michael Davitt respecting Irish landlords. Technical education in Board schools is advocated by Miss Rosamond Davenport-Hill. Mr. W. Smart, in “The Dislocations of Industry,” explains the most frequent cause of distress among the working classes. The blots and stains of “The Civil List” are pointed out by Mr. Bradlaugh. Connoisseurs of French painting may learn what are the art principles and methods of Carolus Duran. Principal Donaldson’s treatise on the position of women in ancient Rome is learned and thoughtful. The Rev. Dr. W. Wright narrates a striking recent example of the Papal literary censorship. Mr. T. P. Gill, M.P., exhibits the faults in the working of the American Congress.

National Review.—Here is the declaration signed by members of the House of Commons who are eldest sons of Peers, and who are both of the Conservative and of the Liberal Party, in favour of reforming the House of Lords by creating life peerages, and, in the opinion of some of them, also by limiting the hereditary peerage, either with a system of selection or a test of service. The late Mr. Matthew Arnold’s proposal of a partial disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, giving a share of its endowments to Welsh Nonconformists, meets an opponent in Lord Selborne. “Italy in England” is the inviting title of Mr. Gallenga’s account of the approaching Italian Exhibition in London. Miss Helen Zimmern supplies a discriminating criticism of the genius and writings of Berthold Auerbach. Religion among the working classes, British administration in Egypt, “Fair Trade” Protectionism, and “Conservatism and Property,” the last subject treated by Mr. W. H. Mallock, are topics which have been much discussed. Mr. Philip Bagenal relates anecdotes of the gross misbehaviour of Irish boards of guardians, in answer to the claim of Ireland for more local self-government. Mr. Alfred Austin’s personal reminiscences of Mr. Matthew Arnold are those of congenial friendship.

Blackwood’s Magazine.—The story of “A Stiff-necked Generation” is continued. “Hymns and Hymnals” is an indignant exposure of the practice of altering and garbling religious lyrics, usually spoiling their graces as poetry and perverting the sentiments of their authors, in books compiled for churches or Dissenting congregations. Lady Hamilton’s character has an ardent champion in Mr. John Paget, who severely condemns the recent biographical work of Mr. Jeaffreson. The title of “Wanderings and Wild Sport beyond the Himalayas” sufficiently describes the article. The conspiracy of the murderers of Rizzio is once more narrated. Golf-players, their ways and moods, are surveyed from a psychological standpoint; while a philologist, Dr. Charles Mackay, applies his scrutiny to bits of English and French slang. There is an article on the prospects of the English country gentry.

Murray’s Magazine.—Her Royal Highness Princess Christian honours this magazine with a brief treatise on artistic needle-work. “London Beautiful” sounds too good to be true; yet Mr. Whitmore, M.P., shows that we ought not to despair of further improvement in the amenity of our town architecture and street aspects. Mr. W. M. Acworth describes the Great Western Railway and its working. Mrs. Bishop (the renowned lady-traveller, Miss Isabella Bird) relates her observations last winter in the South of Ireland. Two Oxford undergraduates, a young gentleman of a College not named, and a young lady of St. Margaret’s Hall, respectively communicate the hourly incidents of “A Day of His Life,” and “A Day of Her Life,” at the University which is hospitable to students of either sex. An essay on old family plate, a description of trout-fishing haunts on the rivers of Finland, and instalments of “Jack’s Father,” a story by Mr. W. E. Norris, and of Lucas Malet’s “Counsel of Perfection,” make up the rest.

Longman’s Magazine.—The story of “Eve,” by the author of “John Herring,” has reached its forty-first chapter. Dr. B. W. Richardson presents the physiological arguments in favour of a vegetarian diet. Mr. H. O. Nethercote’s volume on the history of the Pritchley Hunt is reviewed by an old comrade. “Women’s Work and Wages,” by Mr. David Schloss, is a sad account of London sempstresses, chiefly drawn from the report of Mr. Lakeman, the Factories Act Inspector. An old acquaintance, “A. K. H. B.,” discourses in his old style on the marble statue of the slain Archbishop of St. Andrews in the cathedral of that ilk. Three chapters are added to “Uncle Pierce.”

Macmillan’s Magazine.—Mr. W. E. Norris concludes his tale of “Chris,” who was Christina Compton up to this time, and finally becomes Christina Severne. The character, life, talk, and writings of that delightful humourist, the Rev. Sydney Smith, are estimated by Mr. Saintsbury with general fairness. “Gentlemen Emigrants” is an article treating of the chances for middle-class youths going to Manitoba, or Colorado, or Texas, to escape the work of the desk or book-learning. Lady Verney has gathered some particulars of rustic life in the North Yorkshire moorlands sixty years ago. The delimitation of the Russo-Afghan boundary is critically examined. The Rev. J. Fraser preaches a very wise sermon against the narrow and rigid exclusion of the graces and innocent gaieties of life by the extreme creed of Puritanism. Mr. Henry James’s story, “The Reverberator,” still loiters with some Americans in Paris.

Cornhill.—Yet another story of magical powers! “The Eaves-dropper” has got the receipt of fern-seed, and walks invisibly; but his confessions, so far, are a poor attempt at drollery. How much more powerfully this idea has been worked out in “The Ring of Gyges”! A truly pathetic story, quietly but impressively told, is that of “Mr. Sandford”: an

artist hitherto prosperous, sixty years of age, fondly devoted to his wife and children, suddenly loses his faculty, and can no longer paint a picture that will sell; he has insured his life for the benefit of his family, and he silently wishes to die; this mercy comes to him by the accidental overturning of a carriage. Mr. George Gissing’s novel, “A Life’s Morning,” proceeds in its course.

Time.—The editor, Mr. Walter Sichel, analyses the romantic vein in the writings of Lord Beaconsfield, and his style in descriptions of landscape scenery; but omits to notice his still finer descriptions of saloon decorations and furniture, of jewellery, millinery, and upholstery, which he made equally “romantic.” In the present crisis of German affairs, Mr. Karl Blind’s comparison of “The Old Emperor and the New” might have some political interest, but it is pervaded by a spirit of bitter enmity to the aged Sovereign who lately died, and whose earlier actions, in 1848 and 1849 are injuriously misrepresented. The account of Mrs. Salis Schwabe’s “Froebel Institution” at Naples, for the training of Kindergarten teachers, is worthy of notice. “State Colonisation,” by Lord Meath, and a treatise on cremation, are not unimportant.

English Illustrated.—The late Kaiser Wilhelm is the subject of interesting recollections preserved by Mr. G. M. Rhodes, a former resident at Berlin, and accompanied by several good portraits. Professor W. Minto’s historical romance of the time of Richard III. proceeds with fresh incidents, one being a speech by the famous demagogue preacher, John Ball. Hinchingbrooke, near Huntingdon, with associations of Cromwell, is described in “Glimpses of Old English Homes”; Canterbury and Dover, in “Coaching Days and Coaching Ways.”

Woman’s World.—“The Uses of a Drawing-room,” “May Fashions,” and “Something about Needlewomen” are surely appropriate to this magazine. Literary tastes are consulted by the account of “Modern Greek Poets”; and readers with a turn for history may be pleased with the notes upon Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and even those upon Dublin Castle; while the legend of St. George, by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, appeals to lovers of romantic chivalry.

Atlanta.—“The White Man’s Foot,” Mr. Grant Allen’s story of an adventure on the verge of the tremendous volcanic crater of Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, may vie with the conceptions of Mr. Rider Haggard. “Child Faces,” an essay on a series of charming photographs, affords the purest pleasure. “The Lady of the Forest,” by L. T. Meade, and “The Gold-fish,” by Lady Lindsay, are agreeable fiction. Girl students will always find in “Atalanta” much that is useful to them.

Harper’s Monthly.—With an account, necessarily superficial, of “London as a Literary Centre,” this New York magazine gives portraits of Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Froude, Lord Lytton, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Mallock, Mr. Morris, Mr. J. A. Symonds, Miss Ingelow, and other writers of the day. To us in London, perhaps, there is a fresher interest in the description of Chicago, or in that of Denver, close to the Rocky Mountains. Russia, as usual, is expected to engage the American reader, with the convicts working in Siberian salt-mines; and Algiers is further described. Mr. William Black goes on with “In Far Lochaber.”

Scribner’s Magazine.—A scientific and practical account of the various inventions of explosives, by Mr. C. E. Munroe, chemist to the United States Torpedo Corps, is likely to afford valuable information. The labours and perils of New York and Boston pilots are described as they occur “In the Steamer’s Track.” The history of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan is related under the title, “The Centre of the Republic.” On our side of the Atlantic, Alexander Pope is made the subject of a fresh study. The decorative art of Japanese vases seems to be as interesting, just now, to connoisseurs there as here.

The Century.—Russian “exiles” and convicts undergoing penal servitude in Siberia, whose condition has been personally inspected by Mr. George Kennan, occupy many pages, with numerous engravings. The authentic history of President Lincoln’s Government, and of the American Civil War, has a permanent value. A statistical computation of “the chances of being hit in battle” is founded on the experiences of that war, and may not be applicable to the shooting of European troops with improved rifles at the present day. The inquiry concerning the actual working of the English Episcopalian Church in America during the colonial period does not add much to its credit. Mr. Henry James and other popular writers contribute pieces of fiction.

NOVELS.

Herr Paulus: His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall. By Walter Besant. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus).—The unfailing sprightliness of this author’s lively fancies, and his humorous habit of poising his thought on a finely-drawn wire of benevolent irony, with a delicate balance, as it were, between jest and earnest, seldom fail to be entertaining. He deals in this story with a notorious feature of modern social vanity and folly, which the more deserves his satire as it is based on fraudulent imposture, favoured by ignorant stupidity and by morbid conceit, and extremely pernicious to morality. We had occasion, last August, to notice four several works of fiction, in which clever and practised writers availed themselves of the kind of imaginative interest that may be evoked from that deplorable superstition, the belief in occult influences, mesmeric or spiritualistic, whether pursued in the name of philosophical curiosity or of theosophic “revelations,” transcending the common faculties of sense and the ordinary mental powers. The still more alarming extension of these groundless notions to that of the practitioner gaining a permanent control over the feelings, thoughts, and will of the patient, destroying individual freedom of action, and forcibly overcoming the personal motives of conscience or affection, has been gratuitously introduced into some tales of recent publication. It was remarked by us, on that occasion, that the novelist who chose to employ such materials, not sharing the false belief, had no right to affect, for mere literary purposes, a tone of implied reliance on the real possibility of these transactions, leaving the narrative to excite sensations of awe and mystery; but that he should end by removing the deceptive impression. Mr. Walter Besant, who does not abuse his inventive genius by favouring delusions harmful to mankind, has sought to provide an antidote to those unwholesome stories, by relating the detection and discomfiture of a professional “Spiritualist,” Herr Paulus, who was also a “Mesmerist,” and one of the most accomplished of the tribe of cheating rogues. This example, on the whole, is likely to be salutary; though it appears to us questionable whether the portraiture of the youthful adventurer in such an amiable guise, as an object of so much tender feminine regard and sympathy, to be so lightly punished, after all, and so easily forgiven, is not an “ethical” misconception. His real name is Zeph Trinder, the son of an obscure storekeeper in a New England village; he is ambitious and unscrupulous, and failing in an attempt to win fame as a poet, becomes the pupil of an American “Medium,” Professor Melchers, of New York, who gains much money by pretended communications

from the “Spirit World.” They come secretly to Europe, visit Paris and other foreign cities, and then in London commence an attack on the rich, pompous, vain, and ready dupe of trickery, Mr. Cyrus Brudenel, for many years reputed the chief patron of the Spiritualist sect. In the character and behaviour of this elderly gentleman, a retired ship-owner married to a lady of title, we recognise Mr. Besant’s creation of the greatest fool, so far as we know, yet conceived by English novelists; a boon that will perhaps be appreciated when real fools are scarcer in England than at present, if Mr. Brudenel is destined to be immortal. The aspiring American youth, who has called himself Paolo or Paul, is supplied with money by old Melchers, and with a letter of introduction from a noted Russian lady correspondent to Mr. Brudenel and his wife, Lady Augusta, in whose house he is entertained as “Herr Paulus,” their petted guest, for more than a month. His rare personal beauty, his refined and dignified manners, and the sanctified mysticism of his pious discourse, impose on all except two of the family and their usual visitors: the exceptions are Mr. Brudenel’s daughter, Miss Sibyl Dodona Brudenel, and her cousin, Tom Langston, a sturdy and sceptical student of physical science. Herr Paulus far outdoes the stale performances of the old mediums, Lavinia Medlock and Emanuel Chick; he makes Cicely Langston, a blind girl, see her long-lost brother, Sir Perceval, sailing in a ship as a common seaman, and produces an instantaneous spirit-photograph of this vision; he brings from Calcutta, with the speed of electricity, a printed copy of that day’s number of an Indian newspaper, at least one bearing that day’s date. He tells no end of lies about himself and the “Sages of the Ancient Way,” by whom he was instructed in Abyssinia; the holy and blessed Patriarch, Izak ibn Menelek, the possessor of Solomon’s eternal Book of Wisdom, speaks to Herr Paulus every day. Mr. Brudenel, desiring to learn this spiritual lore, is thrown into mesmeric trances by Herr Paulus, who then begins to meddle with the pecuniary affairs of the family; but his proceedings are highly inconsistent, and we do not find his motives intelligibly explained afterwards. He forces Mr. Brudenel unconsciously to write letters to bankers and others, for the selling out of shares in a Limited Liability Company, to the amount of £35,000, in which the fortunes of Sibyl, Tom Langston, her lover, and Cicely, his sister, were invested; and he causes this money to be transferred to the bank accounts of three imaginary persons, namely—Izak ibn Menelek, a fictitious American General, and a fictitious Hindoo of Bombay. It would naturally be supposed that Herr Paulus, who actually draws the money in their names, and thus undoubtedly commits a felony, intends to rob Mr. Brudenel; this, however, is not the case. He knew, from accidental information, that the company was about to fail, and that the investments would be lost; and, in pure friendship to Sibyl, Tom, and Cicely, he adopted this roundabout, positively criminal, device in order to save their portions, which he quietly hands over to them, on a birthday, when due from Mr. Brudenel, the bewildered father and guardian. We can make nothing of it but that Mr. Besant’s first purpose was probably to depict his fascinating hero as an atrocious thief and swindler, who should be sentenced to penal servitude; and that he afterwards resolved to convert Herr Paulus into a gallant young gentleman of chivalrous honour and generosity with regard to money matters, only misled by the noble love of power and distinction. At any rate, Tom Langston and Sibyl, whose attachment to each other is also gratified by the aid of Herr Paulus, remain his obliged and steadfast friends; though Tom has watched him closely and discovered all his lies and tricks, even to the villainies of opening Mr. Brudenel’s desks and drawers, and reading his private letters. The further transfigurations of this fantastic personage are still more unnatural; he falls in love with Hetty Medlock, the beautiful daughter of a declining “medium,” and thereby not only loses his mesmeric power, in accordance with a psychical law of which he was warned by Professor Melchers, but instantly repents, as he says, of having so long practised the spiritualistic imposture. Mr. Besant, however, will hardly persuade the most sentimental of young ladies that such a complete moral regeneration could be effected, in a day or two, by the mere avowal of mutual fondness between two persons of opposite sexes. The whole action of the story occupies but six or seven weeks; and this consummate liar, cheat, and hypocrite, Herr Paulus, though only twenty-five years of age, has been seven years an adept in his infamous vocation. He determines to give it up, indeed, when he finds himself deprived of the mesmeric faculty; when Mr. Brudenel complains of having been misled into discreditable treachery with regard to the credit of the Company; and when Professor Melchers refuses to give Paul a share of the large earnings of their previous impostures. A sudden fit of shame and penitence, under these circumstances of defeat, seconded by the feeble Hetty’s tardy aversion to practices in which her father and mother have long been engaged, does not strike us as particularly edifying; and the justice of the case would better have been consulted by Tom Langston kicking him down-stairs. His subsequent appearance at the solemn Conference of Spiritualists, to confess and renounce the base arts in vogue among the ministers of that impious and mischievous persuasion—the more impious from their cant of piety—finishes this clever but unsatisfactory story. The author has much exaggerated, perhaps from want of accurate study, the phenomena of hypnotic paralysis of mental activity: the liability to receive suggestions of ideas and emotional impulses from an operator, and to entertain various hallucinations; all which is now familiar to scientific mental pathologists. An authentic account of these facts, which entirely supersedes the false theory of mesmerism, of anything like “animal magnetism,” or direct transmission of will-force from one human brain and nerve-system to another, was recently published in the “International Scientific Series.” The experimental investigations at the Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris, by Messrs. Charcot, Binet, and Féral, reported in that volume, proved beyond doubt the fallacy of mesmerism, as well as of spiritualism; and these baneful delusions should be extirpated with as little forbearance as would be due to a revival of the belief in sorcery and witchcraft, or any other falsehood that poisoned social life in the Dark Ages. So far as concerns pretended intercourse with disembodied “spirits,” either communicating messages direct to mankind, or rapping mahogany-tables, or lifting and turning the household furniture, or scribbling on paper and on slates, a description of such tricks may not be out of place in a lively novel of the present day. Mr. Besant has written, we are sure, in the interest of truth, honesty, and good sense, though in this story with an imperfect conception of the practical relations of the characters and situations that he endeavours to represent; but he is always very amusing.

Mr. J. W. Phillips, Gladstonian Liberal, has been elected member for Mid-Lanark by 3847 votes; Mr. Bousfield, Unionist, polling 2917, and Mr. Hardie, labour candidate, 617.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have sealed the certificate necessary to enable her Majesty in Council to found the new bishopric of Wakefield, as contemplated by the Bishoprics Act, 1878.